



# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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A ROMANCE OF THE THIRD TERM BOOM—THE COMBINATION OF COINCIDENCES WHICH PRECEDED THE SUDDEN AND RADICAL CHANGE OF HEART ON THE PART OF TWO STAUNCH ANTI BOOMERS AND RURAL DELEGATES. AT THE UTICA CONVENTION.—SEE PAGE 3.





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OUR READERS WILL BE PRESENTED IN THE

#### NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

With one of the most superb illustrations ever published in a pictorial paper, representing a NIGHT IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL! An accurate picture of this famous place, with a thrilling description by the inimitable "OLD ROUNDER" of scenes, incidents and characters, will accompany the picture. Connoisseurs have pronounced this engraving one of the finest ever produced.

#### KEEP YOUR EYE UPON US!

Other illustrations and original sketches will also form a feature, making the issue of March 13 one of the most notable numbers published, and establish our right to the title of the

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183 William Street, New York.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

CHIEF OF POLICE, Trenton, N. J.—Thanks for trouble taken in our behalf.

SNOW-SLIDE, Carson, Nev.—Matter crowded out. Will be unreasonable for future number.

E. J. B., Montreal.—Have used one sketch in this issue. Very good. Pleased to hear from you again.

N. A. C., Bellevue, Mich.—One item of local interest only; other not comprehensive enough; too vague. Thanks for attention.

W. A. G., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Thanks for kindness. Please notify us in future of anything of interest occurring in your city, and we will recompense you for trouble incurred.

J. T., Co. K., Post San Felipe, Texas.—Your sketch is very well executed, and will probably appear in a future number, space and circumstances permitting. Let us hear from you again.

W. S., Fargo, D. T.—If you don't get along in this world it will not be for a lack of cheek. Why didn't you request us to send the whole establishment, and be done with it? Go further west, young man, and join the Mormons.

"O." Madison, Wis.—You display too much animosity in your communication to warrant us in publishing it. Evidently you have a little score to settle with party accused, which you can adjust in a much better way than the one you adopt.

W. E. B., Murray, Iowa.—Would like to oblige you, but do not think the subject worthy an illustration. Were we disposed to do so it would be impossible owing to a crush of more important matter. Some time in the future, should occasion arise, we will make amends for this disappointment.

H. P. S., Cincinnati, O.—We will shortly commence a series of articles upon the subject you mention. They will surpass in interest anything heretofore attempted in this line. Many new features are in contemplation which will enhance the GAZETTE and make it doubly entertaining to its army of readers.

J. A. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—You should come to New York immediately and start a boarding-house. With your brass you would make a fortune. Do you imagine that people in this part of the world are asleep? Every fact that you furnished was printed two weeks ago, and you re-hash the affair and send it here and ask us to pay you for so doing. Such little games may work with people in the back woods, but they will never pay out worth a cent in this burgh—don't forget it. Photo all right: worth price of postage, no more. Whenever you see fit to furnish us exclusively original matter, genuinely news, we will do the right thing. *Entre nous*.—What percentage do you get from W., b. p.?

#### ANOTHER TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

Seven bills, variously aiming at the control, diminution or abolition of the liquor traffic, have been introduced in the legislature since the opening of the session at Albany, all of them being fathered by Dr. Crosby, the leader of the self-constituted censors of the habits and morals of their fellow-sinners.

Did the Crosby party confine their crusade to the numerous unlicensed and disreputable dens of the city they would have an invulnerable case. But a crusade of that sort involves some risk perhaps, some self-sacrifice certainly, and our modern crusaders are not of the self-sacrificing kind. Besides, it is so much easier and more showy to carry out general prohibitory or restrictive schemes, the persecution of which is only felt by those who do not deserve it and which fall harmless where most needed.

Believing that the feeling among the liquor trade of New York in regard to these threatened enactments would fairly represent that of the country on the subject, a GAZETTE reporter was detailed to make an extended tour among dealers to ascertain this feeling, a few expressions of which are of interest in this connection. Mr. Timothy Stevens, Secretary of the Wine and Spirit Dealers Union, an organization of the wholesale trade, was disposed to treat the matter lightly and did not think the Union would take any steps in regard to it, believing that to give them "sufficient rope to hang themselves" was all that was necessary in dealing with the Crosby crusaders. Mr. William H. Reagan, the only retail member of the same society, does not believe in any organized fight against legal enactments on the part of the trade, but is convinced that any party, in this state at least, which attempts to make capital by carrying out such measures will be swamped in the attempt. Mr. Thomas Lynch, of Nassau street, believes the movement to bode much trouble and annoyance to the trade, in view of the opportunity the excitement of the coming campaign affords to the temperance agitators. Mr. Purcell, of West Broadway and Reade street, a prominent member of the retail association, denounced the persecutions to which respectable members of a branch of trade recognized as reputable by the highest authorities are subjected by the constant schemes of uneasy fanatics and irresponsible agitators, and pointed out the paradoxical effect produced in an actual distinction in favor of all the unlicensed and dangerous resorts of the city, with their characterless proprietors.

These interviews might be largely multiplied, but enough has been given to indicate the feeling of the trade on the subject, as well as the universal law-abiding spirit under a continued system of persecution to which it is doubtful if any other business interest would so quietly submit. Meanwhile we shall attentively watch the process of incubation of Dr. Crosby's legislative bantlings, and at the proper time shall find occasion to return to the subject much more fully and forcibly than is necessary at present.

#### HIT THE MARK.

The GAZETTE's vivid and realistic illustrated revelations of scenes behind the scenes in the political tableaux, prepared for the delectation of the innocent public, at Washington and the state capitals, have evidently hit the mark aimed at. From all parts of the country we have received numerous letters, among the writers of which are numbered members of congress and others high in authority in the national councils, as well as gentlemen connected with the state governments and parties whose present or past position has given them opportunity for verifying the fidelity of our delineations of the hidden machinery by which public men and measures are so often moved in direct violation of the spirit, however much they may observe an outward conformity with the letter of our institutions. Some of these correspondents make complaint of our exposures with an evident irritability that serves as palpable evidence of their having been "touched on the raw" thereby. The great majority, however, not only certify to their accuracy as portrayments but also warmly applaud the fearless and graphic showing up of the public abuses and shameless corruption therein portrayed.

To this endorsement, and we regard as equally such, coming in the shape it does, the violent protest from the negative side, rendered by those who are pre-eminently fitted to pronounce upon the merits of the subject, we add our own assurance that all such delineations of doings behind the scenes in the political drama as have appeared or will hereafter appear in the GAZETTE, are drawn from life and are based upon actual occurrences. It is this fact which alone distinguishes them from mere "fancy pictures" and invests them with that vital interest to the citizens of every section of the country which we have had ample evidence they possess.

Public attention has thereby been far more strongly drawn to these matters than would otherwise have been the case, and an admirable oppor-

tunity has been afforded for a display of virtue on the part of those who have been fortunate enough not to have been struck by each particular "boom," by making a summary example of their less lucky colleagues.

We are, therefore, sufficiently encouraged to continue our exposures of the salient frauds and abuses with which our political system, state and national, is honeycombed. Each will be accompanied, as before, by a striking front-page illustration of that particular theme. Before we leave the subject, however, we wish to say that they are given without the slightest partisan bias; neither in behalf of nor in opposition to any party or faction whatever, but are simply intended in the public interest to more strongly point out flagrant public abuses than has hitherto been done elsewhere.

#### NOT A CASE IN POINT.

Within the space of the last week no less than three cases of dangerous if not fatal assaults upon policemen by gangs of ruffians have occurred in this city and Brooklyn. In every instance the assailed officer appears to have been a more than ordinarily efficient and reputable member of the force and to have received his injuries in a brave effort to execute a plain duty in the face of overwhelming odds. In every instance the assailants were known and notorious as desperate ruffians, ripe for any species of lawlessness. In two of them the assault was the outcome of a grudge against the officer held by one of the gang for some real or fancied grievance received at the hands of the former in the discharge of his duty, and the disturbance which called for his interference a "put up job" to precipitate the assault.

We shall be behind no one in rendering the highest tribute to the courage of these gallant officers for their undaunted endeavors in the face of danger, nor in sympathy for the misfortune they incurred through their unflinching fidelity. What we deprecate in regard to the matter is the effort in certain newspaper and official quarters to adduce these cases in palliation of the general free use of the club by the force which has so often aroused public indignation.

The difference between the cases in question and any of the numerous notable instances of reckless brutality on the part of police officers in which the daily records of the past few years have been so prolific, is as wide as the distance between the poles. Such gangs of ruffians as "Assemblyman" Hagan's, the Mungerford Brooklyn "toughs," the "Big Flat Gang," of Mott street, and the numerous similar congregations of desperadoes with which the city abounds, present an admirable field for the legitimate employment of the civilizing influences of the "locust," but the individual who cannot distinguish a respectable citizen from such "toughs" is too big a "duffer" for any more intellectual occupation than that of carrying the hod, and the police officer who is so inherently a ruffian as to refuse to respect such a distinction can only find his proper sphere in the stone-breaking line in that excellent institution on the "Isle de Blackwell."

#### PRIVATE DETECTIVE INQUIRIES.

A sounder or more timely opinion has seldom emanated from the bench than that of Judge Van Hoesen, rendered in the Riott divorce case, a few days since, in which he exposes some of the beauties of the private detective system. In this case a young man had married a girl who, though of unquestioned good character, is regarded by his family as beneath him in social station. After three weeks of marriage he abandons her and, backed, it is alleged, by his relatives, endeavors to get rid of her. For this purpose he employed one of the numerous brood of so-called private detectives, whose "specialty" was "working up" divorce cases. This individual secured the services of a congenial assistant in the person of a young woman, whose special duty was to ingratiate herself with the young wife, and together they spied upon her night and day. In spite of their united efforts, however, there appears to have been so little real ground for a divorce that together they framed a story which Judge Van Hoesen did not hesitate to pronounce a wicked and wilful perjury. The horrible injustice which these creatures had it in their power to inflict upon an innocent woman in the most cold-blooded manner, from a mere contemptible mercenary motive, had the Judge been less discerning or less earnest in his duty, carries its own comment in the statement of the facts.

The GAZETTE has frequently called attention editorially to the outrageous inquiries which may be and are constantly being perpetrated under the private detective system. It is to be hoped that in this case, where the evidence appears so clear, such a just example may be made of the alleged perjurers, in view of Judge Van Hoesen's action in the matter, as the GAZETTE has already urged as the only means of securing at least a mitigation of the abuses that have rendered the system odious.

#### An Ivory-Thumper's Escapade.

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

HELENA, Montana, Feb. 20.—Helena has been treated to a sensation, and a sensation in Helena is a godsend for everybody in the land makes it so much a part of their regular business to talk about their neighbors that they are on the lookout constantly in order to give the gossips no chance. But now the women are all happy and the men correspondingly unhappy, both the extreme feelings being caused by the elopement of the dashing young artiste, Miss Jessie Eckert, with an infernal ivory-thumper, one Professor Schwabe.

Mrs. Eckert has a photograph gallery, and since Jessie's return from boarding school in the East the old lady has initiated her in the mysteries of picture-making, a piece of financial engineering on the madame's part that has brought innumerable dollars into the family wallet. Since Jessie went into the business married men have surprised their wives by bringing home photographs taken in half a dozen different styles. Old-timers and pilgrims, bed-rock bloods and bullwhackers, cattle kings and keno players—all have gone broke in fruitless endeavors to get into favor with the voluptuous enchantress; but it was no go.

But the boss made his appearance at last in the form of the before-mentioned Professor Schwabe. This being entered Helena underlined as "the most celebrated pianist ever on the Pacific coast." He was young, but homelier than old Zach Chandler, and we know not to what we must attribute the power that made the "mash" unless it is that his nimble fingers were too much for the music-loving soul of the fair Jessie.

And everything worked to a charm. Mrs. Eckert had gone off to Virginia City (Montana) leaving Jessie in charge of the place here, and it was during her absence that the professor was introduced. Last Saturday Professor Schwabe was tendered a benefit by the citizens of Helena, but as Sawtelle had just introduced some new actresses from the states they proved the greater attraction of the two, and the benefit didn't "pan out." Nevertheless Schwabe purchased two tickets for Chicago on Monday, a financial break that occasioned no small amount of surprise in the circle of friends acquainted with his exact standing in the money market. He left alone on the Overland coach Tuesday morning, and at 11 o'clock the same day Miss Jessie got aboard the Jefferson coach, which runs over the same road for a considerable distance. Knowing that the couple had been rather intimate, the circumstance of the two departures caused some inquiries to be set afoot, when it was discovered that the young lady had "soaked" her piano and numerous pieces of jewelry, and it is presumed gave the proceeds to the professor.

The old lady must have been informed beforehand of what was going on, probably by some sympathizing friend or lover left, for she started from Virginia City the same morning that the couple left here, evidently with the intention of intercepting them at the junction of the Virginia City and Helena roads. But the runaways must also have been informed of the old lady's movements, for they stopped over at a way station and let her come by them and on into Helena.

A ranchman near the station where the couple stayed over night informs your correspondent that Jessie remained heavily veiled when out of her room, and, thus disguised, did the work of her gallant protector by making all the inquiries necessary in order to inform herself as to the arrival and departure of the up-coming coach.

#### Checkmated.

[With Portrait.]

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 3.—One day last week a young man of good address and fine appearance, arrived in this city, and commenced operations in the swindling line among the gullible people of the place. His method was what is known as the "change" game. He succeeded in duping two or three, when he was arrested. Singular to state, his release was obtained on condition that he refund the money thus falsely obtained, which he did, and went on his way rejoicing. His phiz has been added to our rogues' gallery. He evidently possesses all the requirements of a successful scamp, and will probably be heard from again. He gave several aliases, but his right name has since been ascertained to be Alfred Marke.

#### Not Down in the Bills.

[Subject of Illustration.]

While the "Two Orphans" were struggling with some terribly bad acting at Binghamton, N. Y., recently, an amusing entre-act was given which was not on the programme. One of the "supernumeraries" came before the curtain to fasten the front edge of the stage carpet, and in a stooping position began to draw the carpet towards the footlights until the seat of his well-seasoned trousers came in contact with one of the gas-jets. He suddenly forgot all about the carpet, and turned a "flip flap" as if inspired, and made his exit amid tumultuous applause. This, according to local critics, was the best part of the performance.

#### Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portraits.]

Miss Maud Forrester can be justly ranked with the talented and beautiful "Favorites" who have preceded her in our gallery of stage celebrities. Since her connection with the profession she has made rapid strides in all pertaining thereto, and to day enjoys a reputation that many of her sister artists may well envy. Unlike a great many who settle down to contentment with their achievement, she is still ambitious of further improvement, and with her devotion to her art and earnest endeavor to excel, the future will, no doubt, find her among the leaders in histrionic fame.



## A ROMANCE OF THE BOOM

How Two Rural Delegates and Solid Anti-Third-Termers Made a Radical Change in Their Views

ON THE EVE OF BATTLE.

A Combination of Dramatic Situations Which Rumor Alleges as the Cause of It.

TWO TERRIBLE FEALIES.

[Subject of Illustration. (Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)] UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 27.—The progress, a spirit of the age has not yet attained the superlative height of according to the alleged gentler sex a direct voice in the control of affairs of state in our over-free republic. Yet, that woman, when endowed with the personal magnetism to sway the will of man, which is the gift of many of the sex, really exercises a vastly superior influence to that of the great majority of the mis-called "lords of creation," when she exerts her talents in that peculiar sphere, is a fact that every one who has taken a peep behind the scenes in our drama of so-called popular government will be likely to fully acknowledge.

The GAZETTE has already given truthful portraits of sub-rosa scenes in the Empire State capital, at Albany, as well as typical pictures that go far towards explaining the hidden springs that move the puppets who figure as our national law-makers and strut their brief hour as political marionettes upon the floors of the nation's forum at Washington.

Take for instance, the recent gathering of the political clans in this city, under the dictation of their omnipotent chief, Conkling, looking towards the selection of a candidate for the republican nomination for President of the United States, which the clan had already decreed should be Grant and only Grant.

The bold Conkling, backed by his powerful following, had fully resolved to carry at all hazards the purpose which had been fixed upon in the family council of the clan. As to the delegates from the metropolis and the large towns there was no trouble. These gentlemen, fully under the influence of the bread-and-butter principle, were as docile as lambs and ready to respond with alacrity to the signaling of their drum-major.

What was to be feared, however, was the obstinacy of a number of the

### RURAL DELEGATES

who were known to be stoutly opposed to the "boom." These gentlemen, more susceptible to the influence of public opinion at home and supposing, in their ignorance of the game of politics, that their sole purpose in being commissioned as delegates was to express the will of their constituents and then return as speedily as possible to their anxious flocks and herds, could not be so easily marshaled at the sound of the Conkling slogan.

To this incongruous element, therefore, the efforts of the dominant faction were vigorously directed to bring them to a sense of the saving political grace. As the party lash had no terrors for them so the flattering song of the political siren tempted them not. It was plain that the case demanded measures not in the ordinary routine of wire-pulling. How this was effected in at least two cases which may, possibly, serve as a type, was received by your correspondent from a very reliable source in the person of a gentleman deep in the mysteries and confidences of the inner political circle. He alleged that this topic of how to deal with the rural recalcitrants was made the special business before a strictly private and confidential caucus convened for the purpose. Various modes of operating upon the Grangers were discussed, but the only feasible one and that finally adopted, which was proposed by a shrewd young New York politician of fast proclivities, was

### THE "WOMAN RACKET."

"If," said the latter, "in his somewhat flowery remarks in advocacy of the idea, 'the charms of lovely woman could so enthrall the gigantic intellect of our chief, can we doubt that they will have a moving effect upon the untutored minds of our rural friends?' 'Yes,' interrupted a blunt but sound delegate from the agricultural districts, 'but you know it wasn't them charms but a double-barreled shotgun with Governor Sprague at the business end of it that had the 'moving effect' on the boss.' 'Order, order!' was loudly called by several members, and 'Canonchet' is a forbidden theme to loyal tongues until after the campaign" was loftily enunciated by the speaker.

While seated at their supper that night in Baggs' Hotel, the headquarters of the anti-boomers, Hon. Timothy Hay and a fellow delegate, both from the back counties, were surprised by a vision of female loveliness, consisting of two magnificent-looking and stylishly dressed women, who, under the escort of our young New York politician, seated themselves at their table, apparently by accident. An introduction followed, and it was not long before the New Yorker found an excuse to leave. That the remaining parties were immensely pleased with each other would have been the verdict of a casual looker on after the consumption of the sundry bottles of Monopole, half an hour later. Each delegate sought his room that night exultantly conscious of having

### ACHIEVED A CONQUEST.

Early next morning a delicately tinted note was re-

ceived by each from his chamber of the night previous requesting, as a special favor, an early call. No caucus call could have more promptly projected our rural delegates into their appointed places than did they obey this moving one.

Rumors subsequently prevailed of sounds and scenes of revelry by night in a certain locality or localities in which, in distinct, though in equally striking and somewhat similar situations, our Grangers and a couple of buxom damsels whose robust loveliness, temptingly displayed in elegant negligee, might have fired St. Anthony, figured in a tableau that would make the fortune of any stage manager. These rumors could not be absolutely verified, but certain it is, whatever deduction may be drawn therefrom, that the anti-third term sentiment of our buxom delegates underwent a sudden and radical change within the next twenty-four hours, and their influence was cast into the scale to contribute to the necessary weight on the side which the Conkling oracle had declared would be the winning one. It is rumored, however, that the fact of the existence of certain very

### STRONGLY WORDED MINUTES,

written in a female hand, but bearing, undeniably, the signatures of the rural statesmen, which were exhibited to a discreet few only, but which would scarcely have borne inspection in domestic, church and social circles in certain back counties of the Empire state, as was intimated might occur in the contingency of continued obstinate opposition to the out-and-dried programme, on the part of said rural statesmen, had much to do with the suddenly acquired unanimity that enabled the initial display of the Grant boom to be carried through with a hurrah in the Empire state.

### A WHIMSICAL COUPLE.

Sequel to a Romantic and Unhappy Marriage—A Divorce and the Alleged Ground it Was Obtained Upon.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 28.—A most romantic case has been brought to light by the testimony of Charlotte Josephine Lula Robinette, formerly Miss Benton, against her divorced husband, J. Percy Robinette, in a suit for support begun here before Magistrate Smith. It appears that the parties who are of high standing, when keeping company before marriage, although having warm admiration for each other, did not show the mutual sympathy of lovers. Their affection was platonic, desiring to be always together as brother and sister.

It is two years since Robinette obtained a divorce from the Delaware legislature. In his petition therefor he said he was thirty-five years old and had been married to Miss Benton in September, 1873, by the Rev. W. Ogden, an Episcopal minister, at the residence of her father, B. H. Benton, in Gouverneur, N. Y. Immediately afterward the two went to the Metropolitan Hotel, New York city. Upon retiring, Mrs. Robinette, to his surprise, told him that she could not cohabit with him, as she was told by her physician that the consummation of marriage would cause her to

### DIE IN GREAT AGONY

in two months. After staying three days at the hotel, and occupying separate beds, they went to Europe. They had different staterooms on the ship. During a month's travel in England and six weeks on the Continent, she still refused to cohabit with him. In consequence of this he determined to return home, and asked her to accompany him, but she refused. Upon reaching America he remitted her £40 and commanded her to come to him. He got no reply.

The lady in this suit testifies that he never asked for a consummation of the marriage; on the contrary, two days before the marriage, he engaged two rooms at the Metropolitan Hotel, so that they could have separate beds. He did the same thing aboard the steamer, and after afterward throughout their European tour. Robinette left her in London two months after the marriage, for the reason that she was too ill to return to America with him. They had been ungenial to each other, and he had frequently spoken of the folly of uncompanionable people living together. He had also said that upon reaching home he would proceed to get a divorce as the best remedy for both. When obtained he would tell her the particulars. The parting was friendly on both sides, however, and he promised to remit her £40 at once, adding that whenever she wanted more she could send for it. She received that money and acknowledged it. Subsequently on several occasions when in need she wrote for more, but never afterward got a response. That remittance was addressed as a draft through Brown, Shipley & Co., bankers, to Miss Bertrand, a name assumed by her with his consent, and under which she subsequently went, when, in necessity, compelled to

### GIVE LESSONS IN ELOCUTION,

and public readings in London, Southampton, Bath, Newcastle, Chelton and other places. She was obliged to part with all her jewelry and much of her clothing. A bone affection in the knee kept her eight months in a charity hospital. Failing to get help from her husband she wrote for assistance to her mother, then residing temporarily in this city, in a fashionable quarter on Girard street, above Eleventh. Mrs. Benton sent her daughter \$900, whereupon Mrs. Robinette sailed for home. When she arrived at her brother's in New York city, in April, 1877, she learned for the first time of the divorce obtained by Robinette two months previously. She did not seek Robinette, but came here to live with her mother. There is to be further hearing of the case. Such leading counsel as James H. Heverin and Lewis C. Cassidy are engaged—the former for the plaintiff, the latter for the defendant.

Allan Lindley, a boy of twelve years was killed near Helena, Ark., while driving down hill a wagon loaded with corn. The front end of the wagon gave way, letting the entire load fall upon him.

## MOLLIE'S INGRATITUDE.

Her Darling Fink gets into Limbo, and She gives Him the Shake—A Prospective Parson Spoiled.

True piety is a very good thing for a young man to possess, a fortune in the abstract in the start for life, and from Owney Geoghegan's to a prayer meeting should certainly be a step in the right direction. But a sudden awakening of the dormant religious impulse, like the sudden flow of fortune in too many an instance, was disastrous to Mr. William Frederick Fink, and the step from Geoghegan's to the prayer meeting turned out a fatal one to that young gentleman, for it brought him behind the bars of the Jefferson Market prison. Mr. Fink was a favorite in the saloons of the Geoghegan and McGlory type of elegance and respectability, and was, also, the favored knight, the chivalrous defender and recognized cavalier of "Mollie the boxer," a muscular beauty who hibernates in the aesthetic precincts of the Bowery. Mr. Fink had an aged mother, racked with rheumatic pains, but it was pleasant to bask in the sweet smiles and listen to the low-breathed, honied words of Mollie the Boxer, than to work during the day for the rheumatic-racked mother, and listen to her groans at night. With Mollie, everything was light and loveliness; at home everything was black and discouraging. So the old mother was left to look after herself, while Mr. Fink looked after the Boxer.

But pleasures will cloy, and the restless spirit of man will long for change and variety. Mr. Fink thought he would season the sweetness of life with some of the spice of religion. He remembered that an employer he once had, a Mr. Belden, was in the habit of going to

### A WEEKLY PRAYER MEETING

held in the brown-stone residence of a pious physician at 316 East Fifteenth street. Thither did he wend his way last Thursday evening. Mr. Fink says he went to the prayer meeting partly in hope of seeing Mr. Belden there, and partly in response to a deep and sudden experience of grace within him.

He joined in the hymn with deep earnestness, prayed with profound supplication, and said "amen" with the unction of an old camp-meeting veteran. But the devil was not to be balked. That queer-visaged and split-footed gentleman saw he was losing his grip on Mr. Fink, and for him to see was to act. Grinning over Mr. Fink's shoulder, he pointed to a handsome malacca cane that stood in proud exclusiveness in a corner of the room. Mr. Fink says he seemed to be carried up to that corner by some invisible power, and his brains became a miniature Niagara whirlpool with the overwhelming tide of temptation, rioting and roaring over the falls of good resolution. He put his hands to his head and pressed it to prevent splitting. He put out his hand toward the cane, but he could not reach it. Some power drew it back. Mr. Fink then, in true Bowery dramatic style, describes the terrible battle that went on in the air between the devil and his good angel, but the former, as usual on all such occasions, triumphed. After several unsuccessful attempts to reach the cane, at last the words were bitted in his ear: "You have no money; nothing to eat; nothing to stand the drinks; that cane will readily sell for money. Go for it—grab it!" He again stretched out his hand, and he thinks the cane came to meet him. It fell into his hand. He rapidly ran it down inside the leg of his pants, and joined in the

### CLOSING PRAYER WITH RENEWED VIGOR.

Before the proceedings were closed he started to leave, but was stopped in the hall. Numbers of articles had been stolen on previous prayer meeting evenings, and a special detail of three detectives was present to see that the piety of none of the worshippers overflowed too much. One of them had been an interested spectator of the terrific battle between the powers of good and evil, and wept until his badge was nearly washed away at the sad result. He gently led Mr. Fink back into the parlor, and considerably told him to sit down. How cruel that invitation to sit down was, although kindly meant. But how could a young man with a malacca cane in the leg of his pants sit down? He tried to, but failed. He gave it up, and drawing the cane from its sheath, held it aloft and said: "Here is a cane; it is not mine. I stole it." This was said with that surrendering tone and manner peculiar to a man bowing to a calamitous fate, or of the great general of armies surrendering his sword to a victorious enemy. The cane was recognized by a pious old gentleman named Charles W. Sanders, of 53 West Thirty-sixth street, who is a regular seeker after the refreshing and rejuvenating waters of the Fifteenth street Jordan. Fink was hauled off to the station-house, where, through the still hours of the

### SLOWLY CREEPING NIGHT,

he moaned over the fate that kept him from Mollie the boxer. Next day, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, Mr. Sanders subscribed to a complaint charging Fink with petty larceny, and Justice Duffy committed the young man, whose religious yearnings had been so cruelly nipped in the bud, for trial, in default of \$500 bail. Meditating on the crooked cunningness of the world and the perversity of things, as exemplified in his own case, he was led to a cell on the top tier of the prison.

Fink indicted an affectionate epistle to his poor rheumatic-ridden mother, on Eldridge street, imploring her to come to his relief. This he dispatched with a messenger, to whom the old lady delivered a verbal reply to this effect: "Tell him to send to his Bowery girls, and they will get him out. He would do nothing for me; I will do nothing for him." This message was delivered, and the young man felt bad. He then sent a note to Mollie the boxer, and that lady replied: "Ah, let him go and pray. He went off with Philadelphia Mary the other night, and now let her get him out."

Mr. Fink says it is very rough for a light-limbed and active young man to be confined in a cell. He

thinks some pious, philanthropic gentleman should take up his case, get him out of prison, buy him a new suit of clothes, and say: "Now bless you, my boy, go and sin no more." Although his first religious experience was discouraging, he says he will not go off and be a scoffer and a heathen. He hopes for better luck the next time he goes to a prayer meeting. It is to be hoped he will.

### MR. COWLEY'S NEW HOME.

Transferred From the Centre Street Palace to the Rural Shades of Blackwell's Isle—Scenes and Incidents of the Trip.

### [Subject of Illustration.]

On the morning of the 2nd inst. Mr. Cowley, formerly of the Shepherd's Fold, was visited at the Tombs by Under Sheriff Joel Stevens and Deputy Sheriff C. K. Smith, and notified that a change of residence was next in order with his affairs.

"Does my counsel know?" he asked, without concealing his surprise and agitation.

"I suppose he does," was the reply.

"And am I to go with—the others?" he asked, referring to the journey that many fellow prisoners were about to undertake in the prison wagon. He was told that he would go by street car with the deputy sheriff. Hastily gathering his belongings and making a bundle of them, he put on a rusty black overcoat and a small derby hat. Then he stepped out upon the prison floor; the under sheriff who had shown the warden the commitment paper gave that official a receipt for the prisoner; and the clergyman and his keeper walked to the outer office. From there the party proceeded to the foot of West Twenty-sixth street, where the steamer Minnehaha lay in waiting for the distinguished passenger's conveyance to his prison home. The island was reached in due time, and the officers turned their prisoner over to the penitentiary authorities. Mr. Cowley was recognized by Captain Steele, who knew him when he was chaplain of the island. This was nine years ago. Then Mr. Cowley preached to the prisoners in the penitentiary every Sunday. Ordinarily a prisoner is at once subjected to the prison regulations, but Mr. Cowley requested a stay of proceedings in the hope that a writ of habeas corpus would be procured which would free him from the toils in which he found himself. Warden Fox granted his request for an hour and a half, and then ordered the prison ceremony to begin.

"I am sorry to have come here of all places," said he to the warden, "but now that I am here I have determined to resign myself to what is expected of me. I will take the bull by the horns now, and

### "MAKE THE BEST OF IT."

There are two barber's chairs in the receiving-room. Into one of these Mr. Cowley climbed, and a convict barber cut his long, grizzly hair close to his head, and shaved off his long and well-combed beard and whiskers. The clothing he took off was bundled up, marked, and put in one of the thousand boxes that are kept for that purpose. When he emerged from the bath the clergyman put on the pair of black and white striped trousers that were laid out for him. Then he put on a striped shirt, and was told to stand on the scales in front of the desk. His weight was recorded, and he was led to a pole in the corner, against which he stood to be measured. He was asked a few questions, and his answers contributed to the prison record that was first noted on the back of the commitment paper and then copied in the prison blotter.

From the barber shop he went with the warden to the shoeshop and there an hour afterward he was experimenting on a piece of leather with a punch such as railroad conductors use. A young convict bent over him and explained how to use the punch. Out of the corners of their eyes the other convict workmen stole frequent glances at their new companion. His friends would not have recognized him. Shaving has added ten years to his appearance, his face is streaked with rigid lines, his cheeks are sunken and his head is very bald. He looked up, and when his eyes met those of his visitors he returned the gaze steadily.

At five o'clock the reporter saw him again. This time he was in the prison building with 700 other convicts eating mush and molasses. When the meal was over the squad of men to which he belonged backed out from between the tables and stood in line against the wall. The convicts walk with a lock step as a preventive against disorder. The line in which Cowley stood moved like two centipedes. It should have moved like one, but the clergyman could not master the step. He studied the legs and feet of the others, and tried to do as they did, but a gap remained either ahead of or behind him all the time. The squad of convicts walked to the second corridor, along which are their cells. Every man is supposed to stand in the doorway of his cell, hold the door a little ajar, and at a signal all the doors must close together with a concerted bang. Mr. Cowley's cell is No. 5. He stopped at No. 4, but the rightful occupant gently guided him along, and convict No. 6 nudged him into No. 5. Mr. Cowley forgot about the door, but No. 5 ran out of his cell, swung Mr. Cowley's door to, put Mr. Cowley's hand on its grating, and then nodded to him encouragingly and with a smile. The leader, No. 1, looked along the line and called out, "Shut!" There was a loud bang, and every door but Mr. Cowley's closed. Then Mr. Cowley's door closed with a noise like the echo of the first concussion.

On the door of his room is a tag on which is written his name, age, crime, and the fact that this is his first time in that prison. This cell of Mr. Cowley's is not more than five feet wide, and contains nothing but a bed. His cell in the Tombs was more than twice as large. He will not have as good food in the penitentiary as he had in the Tombs. For breakfast he will have rye coffee, sweetened with molasses, and eight ounces of bread. He had condensed milk and sugar in his coffee in the Tombs. For dinner he will have a pint and a half of soup, some bread and meat. For supper his diet alternates between coffee and bread and mush and molasses.





AN UNNATURAL SON—JAMES MEEKS SHOOT'S HIS MOTHER AND THEN ATTEMPTS TO BEAT HIS FATHER TO DEATH WITH HIS GUN, A RESULT WHICH THE BRAVE OLD MAN FRUSTRATES WITH A SCYTHE BLADE; NEAR OGLETHORPE, GA.

#### A FIVE-CENT ROW.

How Two Belligerent Kanucks Didn't Get a Free Drink, But Got Something Quite as Lively.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CANADA, March 2.—The usually quiet suburb of Rochesterville was made lively for a hour or so one night last week. Cassimir Des Lauriers, of Lower Town, went to the village named along with his brother Alexander Des Lauriers, who resides there in the outskirts of the place. The couple had been drinking some, and were both more or less intoxicated. They went into Dorion's hotel, on Rochester street, and bought a bottle of whisky for 15 cents—10 cents for the whisky and five cents for the bottle, it being arranged that the parties were to receive the five cents back on the return of the bottle. This was about half past 7 o'clock. A few minutes after 8 o'clock the Des Lauriers returned to the tavern, and on giving back the bottle were tendered a five-cent piece. The parties concluded that they would invest the five cents in liquor, and requested the clerk, Archie Dugas, to "set 'em up." The dispenser of liquid refreshments only placed one glass on the counter, along with the

themselves in a critical situation. The panels of the front door were being driven in upon the floor in splinters. The woman screamed, and Dugas yelled warnings at them, but the Des Lauriers worked and cursed and swore away. The panels of the door were gone, and in a minute or two the Des Lauriers would be in upon them, and then as to what would happen there was no telling. Dugas held his revolver in his hand, and he

#### BEGAN BLAZING AWAY

at the intruders through the hole in the door. Active operations on the outside were promptly suspended, and it was evident that some one was hurt, for Alexander exclaimed "I'm shot! I'm shot!" And he was shot—in the right leg, on the inside about half-way between the knee and hip. The Des Lauriers withdrew



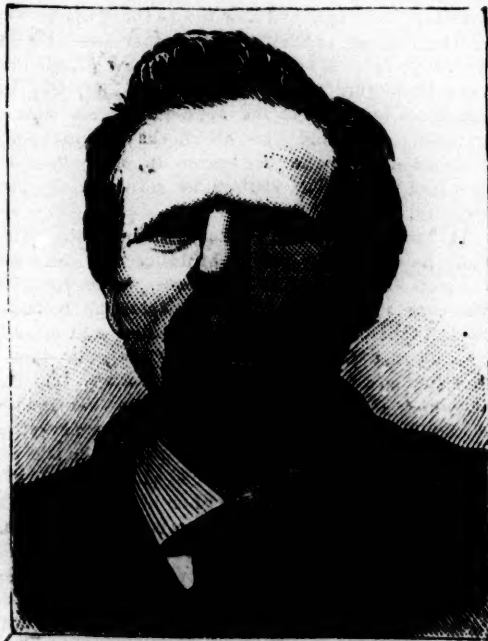
A PAIR OF RUM-FAMISHED BUMMERS BESIEGE A TAVERN FROM WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN BOUNCED, AND ARE FORCED TO RETREAT BY A FUSILLADE OF LEAD FIRED THROUGH THE APERTURE MADE BY THEIR AXES; ROCHESTERVILLE, CANADA.

about three inches in length and about half an inch or more wide, the scalp being cut and bruised. Lalonde fainted twice during the night, having been rendered weak by the loss of blood. The besieging party have been arrested and will probably be placed where whisky is not in the bill of fare.

#### An Unnatural Son.

[Subject of Illustration.]

From Mr. Jasper Murray, of Macon county, Georgia, we learn of a shocking occurrence which happened a few days ago in his neighborhood, about eight miles from Oglethorpe. Allen Meeks had purchased some tobacco for his son James, borrowing the money for the purpose. He told his son that he must make the amount good to him, with interest. James became strangely infuriated at the demand, and that night attempted to break through the door. Mrs. Meeks, his mother, resisted but her son effected an entrance, when raising his pistol, he shot her in the head. The frenzied young man now got the gun, discharged it, and began beating his father therewith. In the ensuing scuffle the old man succeeded in reaching a scythe blade with which he caused his son to desist, cutting him first in the hand and arm. The

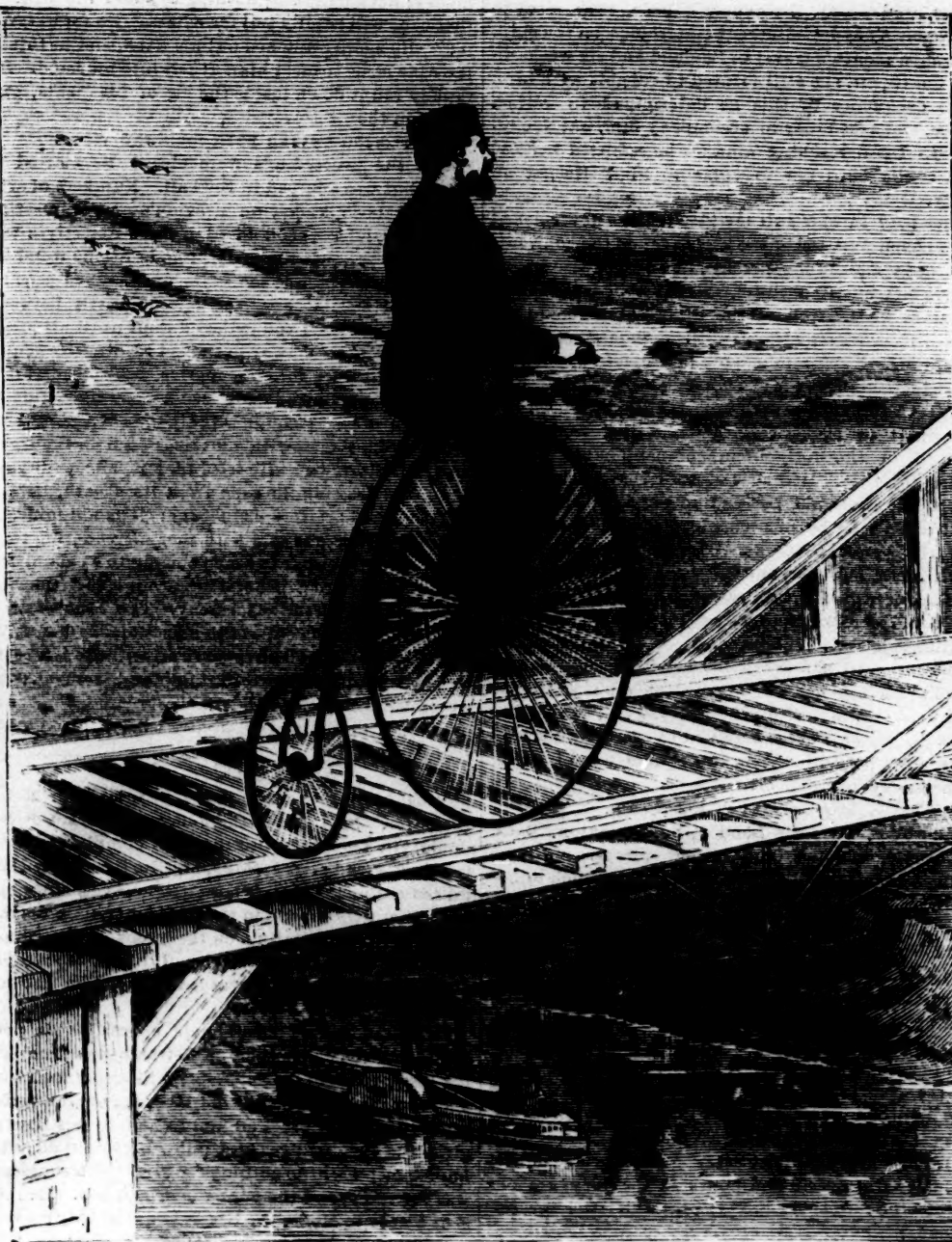


NIO SIMPSON, MEMBER OF THE ATLANTA, GA., POLICE AND PRINCIPAL IN THE BERGEN SHOOTING AFFRAY.

decanter. Cassimir seemed to run the show, and demanded another glass for his brother Alexander.

"NOT FOR FIVE CENTS," responded the bar-tender, "whisky is five cents a single glass—give me ten cents and you get two glasses."

The parties declined to come down with the cash, and a row took place, the Des Lauriers being hustled out with more or less trouble, along with their dog, which they had reckoned upon as an assistant, but the dog failed to acquit itself creditably. The Dorion tavern-dwelling was promptly barricaded, to resist the attacks of the two besiegers. The Des Lauriers got hold of an ax, and with this instrument they began smashing in the doors. They were warned against such conduct by those within, who were resolved to "hold the fort" or die in the attempt. The Des Lauriers seemed bent upon having blood, and those in the Dorion dwelling—Mrs. Dorion and Archie Dugas, the bar-tender, (Dorion himself having escaped by a back door in order to summon assistance) considered



A DARING FEAT—A FOOLHARDY SPORTSMAN PERFORMS ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS RIDES ON RECORD BY CROSSING A RAILROAD BRIDGE ON A BICYCLE, USING ONE OF THE RAILS FOR HIS TRACK; SIOUX FALLS, D. T.—SEE PAGE 12.



PRIVATE REMKEN, A SOLDIER IN THE REGULAR ARMY, SHOT WHILE ATTEMPTING TO STAB OFFICER SIMPSON.

pistol shot was not fatal, the ball ranging over the scalp. Mr. and Mrs. Meeks, both badly injured, were enabled to get to a neighbor's, a half mile distant, when the wounds were dressed. The perpetrator of the diabolical act is at large. His father now says that his son came to his house some weeks ago, a runaway from Texas, where he killed two men, and that the Governor of that State offers a reward of \$500 for his arrest.

On the 20th ult. Nellie McDavitt, a handsome young woman, mysteriously disappeared from her home in West Troy, N. Y., and it was feared that she had committed suicide. A letter was received from her, dated Chicago, Feb. 26, and in it she says that she does not know how she reached Chicago. The first thing she recollects was finding herself in the house of a priest in that city. She was suffering from temporary insanity, the result of religious excitement, and is now in the Sisters' Hospital in that city under treatment.



## BROTHER IPSEN'S "MASH."

A Mormon Missionary Elopes With a  
Buxom Saintess—Celestializing on a  
New Plan.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, March 1.—When the impertinent census-taker calls in one of the wards of this city at the residence of Ferdinand Ipsen, he will not find Ferdie at home. He has vanquished the ranch and left for San Francisco with a woman who isn't his wife. The process is called elopement. Brother Ipsen came from Sweden—from the land of Ole Bull and Mormon roosters. Before he came he sent the girl of his heart over the briny waters, and, he soon after following, they were here married for better or for worse, principally the latter. Ipsen was a good Mormon, else he would never have gotten into the unpleasant fix which cost him his situation. He was sent on a mission to Sweden not two years since, and on his return commenced to strut as though he were a bigger man than old Garcelon. Not content with a lowly situation, he rapidly rose in the scale until he became a shoeblack at the Walker House. One day when Ferdinand was polishing up the handle on the big front door he saw a sight which made him pause. The pretty form of a servant girl struck his vision. She was fair to look upon, and Ferdinand smiled. She returned the sly and cunning smile, and as Ipsen's

## HEART WENT FLIPPERY FLOP

he realized that the dam of affection was entirely busted, and that God had made known to him his duty to take a second wife. But there was one trouble—a prosecution by the federal courts. From the moment Ipsen first spied the fairy creature, who weighed somewhere near 200 pounds, go-as-you-please, he lingered in her sunshiny presence, basked in her smile, which resembled a leaden waffle, and saw in her Venus as she glided through the halls with wicker-pitcher and chinaware. He commenced to take an inventory of his assets and found himself the possessor of a legal wife, a few children, a shanty, called by accommodation a house, all the brushes needed for plying his avocation, and a salary of \$15 per month. He concluded he needed a second wife, and who so fine a woman as Lena Olsen, the sweet and comely chambermaid? He commenced to go out with her, taking her to the theater, and at midnight, beneath the rays of Luna, talked to her madly of love. The croaking of the frogs was the music which greeted their ears as they meandered along the

## ROMANTIC AND WEIRD

River Jordan. But in the meantime Ferdie was discharged; likewise Lena. It was noised about among the wicked Gentiles that Ipsen would not celestialize on account of fear of detection, and that he concluded to come as near the marital relation as he could without subjecting himself to prosecution; just how near no one could exactly state, but, nevertheless, every one had an idea on the subject, and, *mirabile dictu*, everybody's ideas were one. After Ipsen commenced courting the blithesome Lena he started his legal wife to work. Although she had a babe, and was herself very sick, the missionary placed her in the family of one of our Gentile citizens, where she now is. Lena went to the Cliff House, and was very soon discharged from there. It was discovered on Sunday that last Friday night Ipsen and the maid sloped off for the sand lots. They are gone, Brother Taylor, and the thought gives us pain, for, judging by his short record among us, Ferdinand had all the symptoms of an apostle, and one who, had he remained in our midst, might have become a great man in Israel. As it is, he will doubtless disseminate the principles of the everlasting doctrines of these latter days in San Francisco, while Lena will bear witness to the virtue of our women.

## A Blood-Curdling Crime.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Feb. 27.—Information was received in this city to-day of a horrible infanticide in Rowen county, about 160 miles from this place. The criminals are Mary Jane Pateet, a sixteen-year-old girl, the mother of the child, Scott Rankin, the father, and his wife Jane Rankin. Rumors to the effect that an infanticide had been committed had been in circulation in the vicinity for the last three weeks, but nothing definite was known until the house of a widow woman named Miller was broken into on Sunday, and the boy Scott Rankin being suspected of both crimes, was arrested, and confessed that about three weeks ago he had found the body of his and Mary Pateet's child in an unoccupied house about 300 yards from that in which the girl lived, where his wife had informed

FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS MAUDE FORRESTER, BURLESQUE AND  
VARIETY ARTISTE.—SEE PAGE 2.

him that she left it, and that he had taken and buried it in a fence corner about half a mile away. The body of the child was found in the place he described buried about two inches under the soil. The throat was cut from ear to ear and it had apparently been buried about three weeks. Mary Pateet and Scott Rankin's wife, Jane Rankin, were then arrested, and Coroner Fraley, of Rowen, and Dr. B. J. Summerell of Salisbury, held an inquest and post-mortem. Mary Pateet tells the following story:

Her mother, she said, was dead, and on the morning of the day on which she gave birth to the child, her father had gone away from home, leaving her alone with the man Scott Rankin, and his wife. He had been in the habit of leaving her in this way a great part of the time since her mother's death. Shortly afterward she was taken in labor, with no one in the room with her except Jane Rankin. The child was born, and she and Jane killed it together, she holding the knife and Jane taking hold of her hand and drawing the blade across the child's throat. While they were engaged in this, Mary's brother, a boy about fourteen, came from school and was sent away from the door by Jane. The woman denies having touched the child at all, but says she had Scott to bury it. Mary's father denies any knowledge of the matter whatever. Mary Pateet is described as a very decent-looking white girl of between eighteen and nineteen years of age. She appeared entirely unmoved during the examination, and described the murder of the child without showing any emotion. The three were taken to Salisbury, where they were jailed. The place where the crime was committed is about five miles from where George Pithel's wife died, for which the husband was tried for his life, and Mary Pateet is said to have been a full cousin of that unfortunate woman.

## A Hard Case.

A great curiosity is reported from Ohio, in the shape of a child two years of age, who is gradually petrifying—a term which is used by the press of that section apparently because of the lack of a better one. Last July a sudden hardening of the limbs was noticed, and since that time it has gradually spread over the whole body. The head, neck, arms and legs of the child are said to be so hard that not the slightest indentation can be made upon them, and the limbs seem to be bloodless and are as cold as marble. The child has no use of the members thus hardened, and medical men are said to be unable to explain the cause of this singular phenomenon.

ALFRED MARKS, ARRESTED IN WILKESBARRE, PA., FOR OBTAINING  
MONEY ON FALSE PRETENSES.

## TOO MANY BORROWING FRIENDS.

They Bring a Couple of Gullible Insurance  
Agents to Grief—An Arrest That Was  
Effectuated Through the Gazette Photo-  
graph Gallery.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—Detectives Londergan and Mur-nade arrested two young men yesterday who are wanted at Syracuse, N. Y., for forgery. Their names are David Waterbury and Peter Yorkey, and they claim to belong to families whose reputations had been "untarnished for four hundred years" until they saw fit to write the names of other parties on a bond without consent. The men were arrested at the instance of the Salt Spring Bank, which holds a forged bond in the sum of \$1,000 executed by the prisoners. They spent last night at the armory, and will leave on the 5 o'clock train this afternoon for Syracuse in charge of Officer Becker.

The young men were willing to give the details of their "mistake" when a reporter was permitted to interview them. Condensed, their "romantic" story, as they denominated it, is as follows: They were in the insurance business at Syracuse and making money, but had the weakness of accommodating friends in a financial way till they found themselves

## IN NEED OF HELP.

They discounted paper for others at the Salt Spring Bank until the demand became greater than the supply, and the bank authorities asked for security. There was good ground for believing that the friends would meet their obligations soon; furthermore, the young men themselves had resources on which money could be realized by the 1st of April. It was embarrassing to ask relatives to give security, so they proceeded to furnish it themselves by signing the names of Waterbury's father and uncle and Yorkey's mother, all wealthy, to a bond of \$1,000. This occurred about three months ago. The paper was accepted without question, and was fulfilling its mission in a drawer of the bank's safe, till one day the uncle was reminded, in a colloquial way, by the cashier, of his kinship to his nephew. This led to a revelation, and the young men had half succeeded in getting father, mother and uncle to settle the unpleasant affair, when some hitch occurred, and the matter was likely to be made public. They then quietly pawned their overcoats, some other clothing, and watches, and left town and their families—for both are married men, and Yorkey has two children. They went to Canada with \$50 between them, and finally brought up in this city. They had hoped that the bond would be made good by genuine signatures, and the prodigals be invited home to eat some fatted calf. With this hope they lingered in Chicago and

## SPENT ALL THEIR MONEY.

Their arrest on yesterday followed at the instigation of the bank, no satisfactory settlement having yet been made. They have consented to return home without putting the officer to the trouble of getting a requisition, and will leave on the 5 P. M. train to-day. They will "face the music" with a full confession, and hope that their past record will secure their immunity; if not, they will pay the deserved penalty in the service of the state without grumbling.

They claim that they brought no money with them which had been raised on the bond, but, on the other hand, left behind some \$500 or \$600 collected on the day of their departure, for the benefit of their creditors. Had they left with the purpose of making money, they could have raised at least \$4,000 within twenty-four hours, and skipped out with it. They had intended to go still further west, on receipt of more cash from friends, within a few days.

The prisoners are about twenty-two and twenty-eight years of age, and are young men of intelligence, though rather meek at present. Yorkey claims to have been a reporter for the New York Herald. The men were arrested on description and by the aid of photographs published in THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, which furnishes another strong proof of the value of this journal as a moral agent in bringing offenders to justice. This is only one of many instances of a similar kind.

An Indian murderer, under a sentence of life imprisonment, has been released for six months. His health is so bad that he would speedily die if kept in confinement, and Governor Williams has given him the vacation for recuperation. Bonds are given for his return to prison at the expiration of the half year.

OLLIE DUTTON, CONFIDENCE WOMAN, NOW IN BUFFALO JAIL  
ON A CHARGE OF SWINDLING.



## A PERFIDIOUS BEAUTY.

She Becomes an Old Man's Darling, and Loves Him With All the Ardor of Her Mercenary Nature.

### A HANDSOME ARTIST

Appears—She Admires His Pictures, Ditto Him, and Another Hearth-Stone is Shattered.

#### HOW A MURDEROUS INTENT WAS FOILED.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 4.—A few days ago an old man, apparently about sixty-five years of age, genteelly dressed and of easy manners, called at the residence of a well-known artist on Olive street, and inquired for a painter who had formerly occupied a portion of the same building. When informed that the gentleman had left the city permanently and returned to New York on account of his health, the old man sighed deeply and appeared to be suffering from great mental agony. He was invited to take a chair, and, sitting down, leaned his forehead upon his hand, and for a moment was silent. Then, drawing a long breath, he looked up and asked:

"Did he take the woman with him?"  
"Do you mean his wife?"  
"His wife? No! She is not his wife; she is my wife. He stole her from me four years ago. I have been hunting for them ever since, and if I find them I will send them to the penitentiary, if there is any law in the land."

The stranger seemed anxious to tell the story of his wrongs, and the artist listened, more out of courtesy than from any desire to hear a tale of scandal. The old man said his home was in the city New York. He was the inventor of a patent process for canning beef, and spent his time at the East St. Louis stock-yards. He had erected a beef-canning establishment in Texas and sold it shortly afterwards, realizing a profit of about \$25,000. He then came to St. Louis to engage in the same business, and here learned that his runaway wife was living with the same man with whom she had eloped in New York. The narrator met the woman many years ago, when she was an ignorant,

#### UNSOPHISTICATED COUNTRY GIRL.

He became fascinated with her large, lustrous black eyes and wealth of raven hair, and married her. Possessing ample means, he spared no expense in fitting her for society, and lavished his wealth upon her without stint. He employed private teachers, and she acquired many accomplishments, became a skillful musician and painter, and shone as a bright star among the elite of New York. Her every wish was gratified, and she appeared to be happy, and always manifested a deep sense of love and gratitude toward her benefactor and husband. They boarded at the best hotels in New York, and for many years no cloud arose to cast a shadow upon their happiness.

One day his wife happened to meet on the stairway of the hotel a painter, whose studio was not far distant. An acquaintance sprang up between them, and he invited her to his studio to examine some of his pictures. From this visit an intimacy was formed, strengthening into passion, and finally into guilt. The fond husband was slow in learning of this criminality, having never before had reason to suspect his wife's fidelity and purity. Circumstances transpired that convinced him beyond the shadow of a doubt that his suspicions were well founded. His wife expressed a desire to visit Saratoga for her health, and as he was unable to accompany her he furnished her with sufficient means to pay her expenses. She was to go with a lady friend, but he learned subsequently that she did not go at all, but sent her trunk to the rooms of the painter. She, however, wrote him a letter, announcing her arrival at Saratoga, and requesting a remittance of \$500. The money was sent by express, and by that means he learned that she was not at Saratoga. He proceeded to the studio of the painter, and opening the door of an adjacent bed-room, discovered the guilty pair in flagrant delicto. His first impulse was to

#### KILL THEM ON THE SPOT.

but his wife threw herself upon him and clung to him so closely that the lover was enabled to make his escape. He would have slain the woman, but her tears and sobs and the magic of her beauty so unnerved his arm that he could not strike.

He drew his dagger from its sheath.  
But sheathed it ere the point was bare;  
Mow'er unworthy now to breathe,  
He could not slay a thing so fair.

His wife confessed that her criminal intimacy with the painter had existed for more than a year, and that she loved him with all the strength of her passionate nature. As her guilt had been discovered she desired no longer to live, but would go to the river at once and drown herself. He advised her to do so, and she started toward the river, and he followed her at a distance to see if she would execute her threat.

Instead of going to the river, however, she stopped at a well-known assignation house, and he returned to the hotel. A few days afterward she came to the hotel, and was about to create a scene, when, to avoid public scandal, he conducted her to his room. There a partial reconciliation was effected, but he gave her to understand that they could no longer live together as man and wife. He commenced proceedings for a divorce, and she filed a cross bill with a demand for heavy alimony.

Determined that she should never touch another cent of his money he dismissed his suit, and then she and the painter disappeared. He went in search of them, visiting all the principal cities of the United States, and even going to South America and to Europe, but could learn no tidings of the guilty pair. In his travels he visited the neighborhood where his wife was born, and there was startled to learn that

#### SHE WAS A QUADROON IN BLOOD.

a fact that he had never before suspected. He was not particularly prejudiced against the negro race, but was, nevertheless, mortified and somewhat amazed that she had kept the secret of her birth concealed from him for so long a period. He has no desire to reclaim the woman, but thinks it would be a simple act of justice to send her to the penitentiary for the crime of bigamy.

The reporter suggested to the narrator that the painter and the woman might not be married, but merely living together as man and wife, as people sometimes did in the olden times, when it was not convenient to send for a minister to tie the knot. He replied that the marriage certificate had been seen, and was believed to be genuine. If that is true, the woman herself may have obtained a divorce, without the fact coming to the knowledge of the old man. The records of the courts are full of such cases, especially St. Louis courts. One instance is remembered where a dissatisfied husband, living with his wife in the city, procured a couple of lawyers, not shy at a bill for divorce in an interior county, and take a woman there to perjure the wife, who had not the slightest knowledge of any such proceeding. The country judge happened to know a little more about law than some of the city judges, and refused to hear the case, because the petitioner did not reside in his district.

In justice to the painter, his name is omitted in this account, because he enjoyed a good reputation here, and there is no evidence except the improbable statements of the old man that he has ever

#### DONE ANYTHING WRONG.

His marriage to the woman contradicts the story of criminality. The more probable theory is that a divorce was obtained before the marriage took place, and the old man's threat of sending the parties to the penitentiary is an empty boast. Those who knew the painter and his wife during their residence in this city speak well of them, and whatever romance may surround their married life can only serve for purposes of gossip, not for the foundation of a criminal prosecution. If their side of the case could be heard, the affair might assume a different aspect. The further fact that they returned to New York, where both are well known, argues that they have nothing to fear from any exposure that may be made. And, besides, it may turn out that the old man, as in another recent case, may be laboring under an hallucination, or he may be altogether mistaken as to the identity of the woman.

#### MILLER'S TRIP.

Bound for Glory Direct Via the Rope Route—He Was an Innocent Man—of Course.

OSARK, Ark., Feb. 27.—To-day at 1 o'clock P. M. James Howard Miller was executed on the river bank below the town, in the presence of an immense crowd of people. The crime for which Miller suffered the death penalty was the murder of his wife, which event took place in the spring of 1879, near Altus, in this county. The trial was held at this place at the May term of court, and notwithstanding the prisoner was defended by able counsel, a verdict of murder in the first degree was rendered, and Miller was sentenced to ignominious death. The case was then taken to the Supreme Court, and that body affirmed the decision of the court below, and the time of execution was appointed.

About four years ago Miller, who is a native of Missouri, came to this state and settled near Van Buren, a little town on the Arkansas River near the border of the Nation, where he soon picked up acquaintance with a blooming young widow by the name of Mary Smith. She had a husband living, but no children, while he had a wife and two children in Missouri. After a short acquaintance the woman became Miller's mistress, and they lived together about three years. The woman, who was quite

#### PRETTY AND ATTRACTIVE.

annoyed her paramour greatly by her attention to other men, and he became furiously jealous of her, and, according to the evidence brought up in the trial, repeatedly threatened to kill her. The climax was reached in January, 1879, at a dance in the neighborhood where they lived. Contrary to the wishes of her lover, the woman was there, and Miller, who became furiously angry at this, suddenly put in an appearance, and seizing her by the hair, dragged her from the room. Then a wild scuffle took place between the two, the woman being dragged some distance and unmercifully beaten. A huge stick which he used was brought up in evidence, and several witnesses testified that they heard wild screams from the cabin, and a woman's voice pleading for mercy. The rude dancers stood at a distance and listened; the music was hushed; the question which one asked the other was: "Would he murder her?" Presently the cries ceased; the cabin of the Millers was still; then the party broke up, and nothing further was known of the affair until the next morning, when Miller came out and announced that his wife was dead; that she had died that night in her bed of suffocation, as he said she had had trouble with her heart for a long while. The people thought different, however, and an inquest over the body decided that she had died of strangulation, and that Miller was the murderer. He was, therefore, arrested, tried and sentenced to suffer death.

A correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat* held a lengthy interview with the prisoner yesterday morning. He was found in company with Edmunds, another wife murderer, who, but for a respite of the

Governor, would have accompanied Miller to the gallows. A look at Miller does not show him to be a brutal man. His age is about thirty, weight 140, and when in life was rather fair looking. His parents, brother and sisters reside in Missouri, and are respectable people. Miller himself was at one time a member respectively of the Methodist, Baptist and Carmelite churches, and since he has been confirmed he has again

#### EXPERIENCED DIVINE BLESSINGS.

To the correspondent he denied killing his wife, and declared his innocence of any intention of crime in the strongest terms. Up to yesterday he cherished some hope of a respite, but word was received from the Governor last night that the law must take its course. Miller heard this without evincing any emotion, and went on in a rambling sort of way detailing the story of his crime.

The miserable man slept poorly during the night, and spent the morning in communicating with his spiritual advisers. Long before the hour of execution immense crowds began to gather around the scaffold. Hundreds of wagons containing women and children, from dozens of miles away, camped over night, and for a while it looked as if the mob would take everything. All day long the sun had refused to shine, and the wretched man mentioned the fact in disappointment. The crowd surged back and forth, and yelled as he was led up to the scaffold. He mounted the stairs, coolly smoked a cigar, and seated himself near the fatal trap. Then, after some delay, the Sheriff read the death warrant. The wretch heard it unannounced, and as he stepped on the trap he even smiled and showed not the slightest fear. The Sheriff then asked him if he had anything to say. Quickly, the doomed man threw up his hands, and in a loud, clear voice said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have come here to-day to see a wife-murderer. I am not a wife-murderer."

#### I AM INNOCENT

of the crime. Ladies and gentlemen, I have nothing more to say, I hope you will all meet me in heaven." He ceased speaking and the attending clergyman prayed long and fervently. The old familiar hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," was then sung, Miller joining in a clear voice. Following this the sheriff proceeded to pinion Miller's limbs. As his arms were bandaged he tossed the handkerchief he held in his hand away with a tragic effort, and stood stone still. The black cap was drawn over his head. He did not move a muscle. The crowd waited in breathless suspense; then, all of a sudden the drop fell, the man shot into the air, the body whirled round once or twice, then hung like a log. A dozen women screamed in the crowd, and men turned away, unable to witness the scene. In fifteen minutes the pulse ceased to beat, and the only motion noticed in any portion of the body was a convulsive twitching of the fingers now and then. The work was performed well. After life was extinct he was cut down and buried in the Pottery Field in this place. There are few who witnessed the execution who will not say it was a just retribution for a terrible crime.

#### Washingtonians Excited.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1.—A Vigilance Committee was formed in this city last night, for the purpose of putting a stop to the crime of rape by the administration of lynch law. The crime of rape has been committed with alarming frequency in this city during the past year, and the authorities seem powerless to stop it. For some months a feeling of indignation has been growing among the people, and there has been a growing feeling that justice could not be obtained in the courts, and unless the authorities could check this awful crime—which in most cases has been perpetrated by negro ruffians on white victims—the people would have to take summary measures.

Last Friday night a peculiarly horrible outrage was committed upon the person of a respectable young white lady by a negro ruffian on Capitol Hill. The assailant approached his victim unseen, struck her so violently on the head as to nearly sever one ear and render her entirely senseless, and then outraged her so horribly that the attending physician doubts if she can live. Great efforts were made by the family to keep the matter quiet, but as soon as the facts became known the greatest excitement prevailed among the friends of the victim and the residents in the vicinity, and the result was the calling of a quiet meeting last night and the formation of a Vigilance Committee as aforesaid.

The committee has been actively at work to-day trying to find the criminal. It has discovered one negro whose clothes are in such a condition as to indicate that he has recently committed such a crime as was committed on Friday night, and it is known that he has lied in regard to the manner in which he got his clothes in the condition they were found. The committee is confident it has hold of the criminal, and if it succeeds in getting sufficient proof to convince the majority of the committee that there is no reasonable doubt of it, he will doubtless be hanged between two days, and without the aid of a sheriff.

#### A Narrow Escape.

[Subject of Illustration.]  
[Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

RED WING, Minn., Feb. 28.—On Thursday last, Mr. and Mrs. Harding of this place, had a very close call from death. The Mississippi at this point has been frozen over and the people have improved the opportunity by crossing to and fro in their sleighs. The couple in question started from this point to the other side and when in the centre broke through. Mr. Harding being precipitated headlong into the water. His wife managed to keep in the sleigh. Luckily the horse became detached, and Mr. Harding on coming to the surface grabbed one of the runners, and held on until help arrived and rescued himself and wife from their perilous position. The horse, a valuable animal, was drowned.

## DRIVEN DISTRACTED

By Unrequited Love, a Beautiful Girl Takes Her Own Life—"Oh God! This is Terrible!"

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 28.—From a once happy but now sorrow-stricken home in the pretty village of Cortland, forty miles south of Syracuse, was borne this afternoon all that was mortal of Julia Benjamin. Here was a sad ending, and the simple tale of her touching fate must strike a responsive cord in the heart of every one in whose breast lurks a spark of sympathy. Young, beautiful and cultured, Miss Benjamin saw only happiness before her, but—she loved. Those plain words convey a meaning beyond expression.

Her passion was unreciprocated. With her winsome ways and attractive features she became a favorite in society, a belle among her numbers, and lacked not for suitors. Her glad voice was heard at all the youthful gatherings, and her will was law with the young men, who bowed at her feet. Her disposition was of that nature which endeared her to all, and young and old rejoiced to do her homage. Time passed on, and as the manners of her girlhood were cast off, she ripened into

#### BUDDING YOUTH.

She was still fancy free, but ere long her eyes were attracted by one who appeared to her without a peer. The months rolled on and her friendship grew to a love, and at last she became the promised bride of William Evans, of Elmira. The day for the celebration of the nuptials was set, and Julia looked forward to the time when her happiness should be consummated, but a vision crossed her view. It was in the shape of a handsome gentleman. A year and a half ago she formed the acquaintance of George Lindsey. Not long afterwards she found that her love was being transplanted from Evans to Lindsey, and, like the true, honorable girl that she was, she could not deceive her first lover by marrying him without loving him. She could not bring back her affection for Evans, and so told him. The match was broken off and the two separated. Her love for Lindsey developed into a pure, holy and devouring passion. Early in their acquaintance Lindsey told her that he should never wed, as he intended to live a single life, but in her faith she believed that she could win him from his resolution. Her parents looked with favorable eyes upon young Evans, and had been happy in the thought of confiding their daughter's hand and heart to his keeping. The estrangement was without their consent and

#### AGAINST THEIR WISH.

Young Lindsey kept her constant company, and she learned to adore him. To her confidants she often remarked that he was her idol; she loved him and worshiped the very ground he walked upon. Her parents strenuously objected to her keeping company with Lindsey, but she could not give him up. On Thursday afternoon Julia left her home, and, after visiting several places, at 5 o'clock she entered the drug store of George Harnold. The clerk, Milford M. Maybury, stepped forward to wait on her. She said she wanted some strychnine.

He asked how much.

She replied, "Oh, some in a vial."

He informed her that it was in the shape of a powder, and inquired whether she wanted five or ten cents' worth.

She said, smilingly, "About ten cents' worth," and he put up four grains.

Maybury inquired, "Your first name is Julia, isn't it?"

"Yes," she answered, and continued: "Oh, you have to keep a record?"

"Yes," Maybury answered; "this is the most poisonous drug in the store."

She simply remarked, "Yes, I suppose so; a little goes a great way."

She returned home, and before tea her little sister, Josie, noticed her crying. At the supper table she appeared in her usual spirits, and after partaking of the meal, at about half-past 6, she went out. She visited several places, and at a little after 7 o'clock she started for home and met Lindsey.

She asked him to go home with her.

He inquired, "What for?"

She replied, "I want to talk with you."

He accompanied her home and stayed till 11 o'clock, when he took his departure. At about 12 o'clock Julia's father, John Benjamin, heard a noise that

#### BOUNDED LIKE GHOASTS.

The sounds came from Julia's room, and he hastened thither. The groaning was unmistakable. He tried the door of her bed-room and found it locked. Thinking that Julia must be dangerously ill, he burst in the door, and hastily lighting a lamp, beheld the girl writhing in convulsions. In a common drinking glass on a chair beside her bed was a white sediment which adhered to the bottom. This the doctor pronounced strychnine. About a grain and a half remained in the glass. The girl must have taken two and a half grains, a quantity sufficient to kill several persons. On the table in another part of the room was a sheet of paper bearing the following, written in a trembling hand:

"I want my funeral from the M. E. Church, as I am a member. Oh, God, this is terrible! Falsehood is wretched when told to the person one loves."

(Signed)

"JULIA."

The plaintive note was tear-stained, and showed plainly the agony of mind that the girl must have endured when she wrote it. It was written with a pencil. At 1:30 o'clock she was seized with convulsions, and at 1:40 she expired. Julia was a general favorite, and the intelligence of her death quickly spread and cast a gloom over the entire village. As the parents were averse to publicity, it was deemed best not to hold the funeral services at the Methodist church, and the rites were conducted at the family residence. Julia's father, John Benjamin, is a member of the firm of Benjamin Brothers, proprietors of extensive marble works, and is a most estimable and highly-respected man.



## A TRAGIC FATE

**Violent Ending to a Street Brawl in Vicksburg, Miss., in Which Two Brothers Meet Their Death.**

## A HORRIFYING SIGHT.

**Crazed With Passion, Their Assassin Threatens Further Bloodshed if Pursued, and Makes His Escape.**

## WHISKY AND WOMEN THE CAUSE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

VICKSBURG, Feb. 26.—A week ago a terrible tragedy was enacted in the streets of this city. Leonard M. Clarke and Douglas Clarke, two brothers who were the victims in the bloody affair, are said to have been brave, generous and worthy young men with hosts of friends. The Clarks are among the oldest settlers in Warren county, and the present head of the family, Reynolds Clarke, is highly thought of in the community. The third party to the tragedy was T. J. Bolton, Jr., who is about 25 years of age, five feet ten inches in height, with black hair and mustache, and rather prepossessing in his appearance. He is well known in Vicksburg and its vicinity. His home is in Bolton, Miss., where his father resides, and after whom the town of Bolton has been named. Mr. Bolton, up to a few years ago enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most worthy young men in Hinds county. Moral, energetic and of a friendly disposition, he was the object of respect and admiration, but wine and women were his ruin.

On the night of the double murder, as the audience was leaving the Crawford street entrance of the Vicksburg Opera House, a pistol-shot broke on the stillness of the air, causing those who were in the act of descending the stairs to pause, and those who had already stepped into the street to make a retrograde movement into the building, creating considerable excitement and quite a stampede. A perceptible lull succeeded the first report of firearms. Then

### SHOT AFTER SHOT

was heard in rapid succession for a few moments, and men, women and children huddled together in the vestibule of the theatre, ignorant of the direful cause, but instinctively feeling that the sands of human lives were falling into the hour-glass of death. Reaching the street in the vicinity of Nick Camillo's corner, excited voices of startled and exasperated men gathered around the Merchants' Exchange were heard exclaiming: "Len Clarke and Doug have been shot dead! Tom Bolton is the man!" The doors of the Merchants' Exchange were closed and barred. The scene of confusion surrounding the locality beggars description. After minutes of suspense, which seemed hours, admittance was gained to the Merchants' Exchange. There, on the white and sanded floor, side by side in death's last gasp, lay the two Clarke brothers, with blood gushing through their gaping wounds. Doug was shot through the neck, breaking his spine; Len through the heart.

A coroner's jury was summoned and Abe Kiersky's statement was taken as follows: "On leaving the theatre with Wied, Douglas Clarke advanced about six feet ahead of Wied and myself, and upon arriving at Nick Camillo's corner, Bolton and Douglas became engaged in a scuffle. I attempted to part them. Bolton turned upon me and fired one shot. At the next report of the pistol I saw Douglas drop. I heard two other shots, making four in all. I have no knowledge against whom they were directed."

Three other witnesses were examined whose statements in the main agree with those of Mr. Kiersky regarding the killing of Douglas Clarke by Tom Bolton. No facts were elicited going to show how Len Clarke was killed, but the general conclusion arrived at is that Len, emerging from the theatre, and seeing the

### FLASH OF A PISTOL

and his brother fall, rushed forward to the rescue, and in his attempt to wrest the weapon from the hand of his brother's slayer, was shot through the heart.

After committing the double homicide Bolton fled down Crawford street. Al. Straus fired one shot at him and followed in pursuit. In his flight Bolton met Mr. Fred. Lloyd, and said to him: "Let me pass, Fred. Lloyd, or I'll kill you, G—d— you!" and rushed on. He was pursued by the officers and a large number of the friends of the deceased young men, but was not then captured.

About 10 o'clock on Saturday morning a telegram was received here that Bolton had passed Bovina about daylight. A special train was at once chartered and Marshal Groome, with a posse of citizens, departed for Edwards in pursuit of the criminal. Another telegram, however, was received later on in the morning announcing that Bolton had been arrested by Captain Sam. H. Mackey of Edwards, and still another saying that he had been taken to Raymond, the county seat of Hinds, and there incarcerated. In the meantime Sheriff Beck telegraphed to the sheriff of Hinds county, instructing him to hold Bolton a prisoner until called for. Marshal Groome remained in Raymond while the rest of the party returned to this city, reporting great excitement and indignation at Edwards, Bolton and Raymond in consequence of the pursuit of the slayer of the Clarke brothers by an armed body of men from this place.

Captain S. H. Mackey, Bolton's capturer, states that he and Mr. P. H. Ivey having received information of

the killing of the Clarke brothers by Bolton, and his having passed Bovina, armed themselves with needle-guns, and taking up their position behind a slight declivity on the roadside about a mile from Edwards, AWAITED HIS COMING.

Before long they saw Bolton coming up the road on a mule, and just before he approached them Mr. Mackey sprang out quickly from behind the hill and bushes, and leveling his needle-gun at Bolton, commanded him to surrender. Bolton threw up his hands, while Mr. Ivey advanced and searched him, finding no weapon in his possession. Upon inquiry Captain Mackey found that he had given his pistol to a negro to ferry him across Big Black and accompany him to his father's house. After his capture he rode on for a while in silence, but finally proposed to give Captain Mackey and William Ivey \$400 each to take him to his father's house and assure his escape, and repeated the same proposition at Edwards to J. E. Greaves, Jr., the mayor of that place. He talked a great deal of the deed he had committed, but what he said relative to the subject was entirely different from what is universally accepted to be the truth. Upon arriving at Raymond his father met him, and, clasping his wayward son to his bosom, wept bitterly, for which the son rebuked him severely.

The rumors concerning the causes which led to the tragedy are so numerous and contradictory that nothing definite can be told. A family feud, old personal quarrel, a dispute about a woman and drunkenness are variously alleged as the reason. Another witness of the shooting gives the following account of it: Thomas Bolton had retired from the theatre and was standing near a fruit stand leaning against an awning-post, talking to two gentlemen in regard to a difficulty which he anticipated having with Douglas Clarke. While thus engaged Douglas came down Crawford street from the theatre entrance just in time to hear his name used by Bolton. Upon hearing this he approached Bolton, saying, "Tom, Bolton, you think

### I AM AFRAID OF YOU,

but you shall not use my name in that manner," and at the same time struck at Bolton with his fist. A scuffle ensued, in which Doug got Bolton bent down, with his head under his (Doug's) arm. Bolton drew his pistol, ran his right hand under Doug's left and up his back to the back of Doug's neck, when he fired and Doug relaxed his hold and fell. Bolton then stepped back toward the corner and would probably have left but his attention was attracted by some one running toward the theatre door, whom by the aid of the lights at the restaurant steps at the fruit stand he recognized to be Len Clarke. He stopped at Camillo's door, and waited until Clarke was within about ten feet of him, when he stepped out and opened fire upon Clarke without saying a word. But Len knew nothing of his brother's death and probably did not recognize the man who killed him. Bolton had informed several citizens that he anticipated a difficulty with Doug Clarke and was undoubtedly on the look out for it.

The verdict of the jury was "wanton and malicious murder."

## Fight Between a Policeman and United States Soldiers.

[With Portraits.]

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 28.—There was great excitement in the city this morning over the report that a United States soldier had been killed by a policeman. Upon investigation the facts appear to be about as follows: Last night, a few minutes after 12 o'clock, Mr. Nig Simpson, a member of the Atlanta police force, started from his home on Fair street, beyond Chapel to come to police headquarters and go on duty. At the corner of Fair and Peters streets he was attacked by eight soldiers, all of whom seemed to be intoxicated or excited by drink. They commenced using abusive language towards Mr. Simpson, swearing to kill him. They all supplied themselves with rocks and began throwing at Mr. Simpson, at the same time advancing upon him. Mr. Simpson backed for a distance of more than fifty paces, keeping the drunken soldiers at bay with a pistol. At last the soldier who was in advance and armed with a knife made a spring at him, when the policeman fired, the ball taking effect in the neck of the soldier. The soldier was a new recruit named Bergen. Mr. Simpson says he did not know any of the soldiers and has no idea why he was attacked unless it was because he had made a case against a woman who had been a soldier's wife and was selling whisky near the barracks. The policeman went on duty last night as usual and was glad to learn this morning that Bergen was not dead as had been reported. Mr. Simpson is anxious for an immediate investigation and is confident of being cleared of all blame. There were quite a number of witnesses of the affair.

## The Baldwin Tragedy.

[With Portrait.]

CINCINNATI, March 2.—Public interest has been revived in the murder of Harry Baldwin by the indictment of William Schaller, the brewer, by the Grand Jury of this city. The indictment is for murder in the second degree, and recites that Schaller did unlawfully, purposely and maliciously kill and murder Harry Baldwin. The announcement of the Grand Jury's action created the deepest interest, and for a time the whole city was buzzing about the sensation. When the news reached Schaller he repaired at once to the office of his attorney, in whose company and that of his father he proceeded to the sheriff's office, surrendered himself and gave \$10,000 bail, with his father on the bond. He professes to be unconcerned, but the impression prevails that there is much testimony unknown to the public which induced the Grand Jury to take such an important step against so prominent a citizen. The recent death of Baldwin's wife of a broken heart has caused more interest than ever in the solution of the mystery surrounding his tragic death.

## RAYMOND'S RASCALITY.

**An Undertaker Attempts the Abduction of a Pretty Blonde—An Exciting Ride That Ended Disastrously.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 26.—A case of attempted abduction and perhaps worse occurred on Sunday night, and created intense excitement on Cherry street. The parties creating the excitement were a young man and woman who drove south on Cherry street from Sixth to Seventeenth streets, in a buggy to which was attached a spirited team of ponies. The woman screamed loudly at every jump of the team, and begged piteously for help, saying that the man was running away with her. The residents of the street turned out en masse, and followed the vehicle for blocks, but despairing of catching up with the fleeing couple, turned back, leaving a few of the more determined spirits to ferret out the strange affair.

On Eighteenth street the buggy was overturned and the couple thrown out, the lady escaping with a few slight bruises, while her wild escort disappeared in pursuit of the horses which had kicked loose from the wrecked vehicle and run away. The lady was carried into the residence of Mr. Philip Jackley and her injuries attended to, after which she explained the mystery.

The abductor is Will Raymond, a resident of Wyandotte, where he first made his appearance last July. He was an undertaker by trade and carried fine letters of recommendation from St. Louis firms for whom he had worked. He found employment with J. N. Bell, the Wyandotte undertaker, and remained with him a short time, when he left the town. In October he returned and shortly afterwards was furnished with a team and wagon by Mr. Bell, who set him up in the express business, in which he did reasonably well. He was

### MODEST AND RETIRING

in his disposition and very temperate both in the use of intoxicating liquors and profane language, and in consequence made many warm friends and was much respected in the community, his sobriety being often commented upon.

The unfortunate lady is a pretty blonde who came to Kansas City from Chicago about a year ago and has been employed as a clerk in a prominent wholesale and retail dry goods store. She boards in an East Sixth street residence, but her name out of regard for her high standing, is suppressed.

The couple met last July and with Raymond it was evidently a case of love on sight which unfortunately was not reciprocated by the lady. Raymond very persistently urged his attentions upon her but was repulsed on every occasion which seemed to increase instead of dampening his ardor. On Sunday, afternoon he drove up to the house and invited her to take a ride. She accepted and the couple started for Independence. On the way Raymond made advances which were very rude and characterized by the lady as insulting. At dinner while in Independence his actions further displeased her, and on the way home he became so bold in his talk that she became frightened and asked him to stop. On reaching the boarding-house, in the city where the lady resided, Raymond asked her when she would

### TAKE ANOTHER RIDE.

She told him never, and upon his asking to have future attentions received, she returned an emphatic and decided refusal. Raymond, rendered desperate by the refusal, and seeing his idol fading from his grasp, showed the latent villainy in his nature by suddenly whipping the horses into a run up the hill on Cherry, from Sixth to Eighth str. etc. The terrified girl divining his motive rent the air with her screams for help and as the horses tore along Cherry from Eighth south, the people poured from the houses and wondered what the terrible scene meant. At Ninth, the frightened girl attempted to pull the team into the lamp post, intending to stop them at any cost, but Raymond foiled the attempt and lashed the horses more furiously, until in the vicinity of Seventeenth, where a hole in the roadway overturned the buggy and prevented the lady from being carried into the country, where she might have met a fate worse than death.

The ponies which Raymond drove returned to Wyandotte after kicking loose from the buggy. Their appearance alarmed his friends and Mr. Bell searched for him yesterday, but could get no trace of the missing man. In all probability he will return in a few days, but would show wisdom in giving the scene of his villainous attempt a wide berth as his actions towards the lady were insulting in the extreme and deserve not only the severest condemnation but the full extent of the law.

## DESERVES HIS FATE.

**A Remarkable Scene in a Court of Justice. A Murderer Curses the Judge Who Sentences Him to Death.**

[With Portrait.]

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 28.—The second trial of Carl Manke for the murder of John Atloff, in the village of Elms, this county, on the 2nd of April, 1878, has resulted in his conviction, and he is now to again undergo the ordeal of being sentenced to death. The crime was of a most brutal and cowardly character, and the motive which prompted it was a desire for revenge and the gratification of a grudge, a bitter feud having existed between the men for a long time prior to the murder. Manke and Atloff were near neighbors, occupying, as they did, adjoining farms, and their final quarrel was with reference to the location of a line fence. On the day that he was killed Atloff had been to Buffalo, and was on his way home, over the Bullis road. Manke, with a loaded gun, had secreted himself at the end of a lumber pile inside a farm fence, and opposite to the direction from which

his victim would approach. Then he coolly waited for him. As Atloff drove slowly along, Manke took deliberate aim and fired. Atloff fell over in his wagon, mortally injured and bleeding from the many wounds inflicted by the slugs and shot with which the gun was loaded, one of which severed an artery in the right lung. Seeing that he was not dead, thirsting for vengeance and determined to make sure work of him, the murderer jumped over the fence, pulled him out of the wagon into the road, led the horse down into the lane and then returned to the roadside, picked up a round rock, and, with savage energy, commenced pounding his victim over the head with a stone. It was at this time that he was seen and recognized by a boy who lived with Atloff, and who, having observed the murderer's actions from Atloff's house, had come down to the road to see what he was doing. Manke was arrested, and the case has proved one of absorbing interest. On the first trial the jury rendered a verdict of guilty. The case was appealed and a new trial granted, which resulted the same as the first. On the 22nd inst. Manke was brought into court, and when Judge Barker began to impose sentence a remarkable scene took place. His Honor was frequently interrupted by

### LOUD AND COARSE LANGUAGE

from the prisoner, and at times his words were freely interspersed with red-hot profanity and disgusting obscenity. At times he would laugh in an idiotic way, and then grow serious for a moment and howl invective and profanity at the judge, his counsel, and anybody who happened to come into his thoughts. It was with great difficulty the officers could keep him in any sort of decency, and then he gave vent two or three times to language unfit for publication. When the judge ordered him to stand up, he arose in a dazed sort of way, and the color which had suffused his face quickly gave way to an ashen hue; but the color came back as he warmed up in his argument with the court.

Judge Barker said: "You have been indicted, tried, and convicted of having, on the 2d of April, 1878, within the county of Erie, killed John Atloff, with malice, with deliberation, and premeditation. What have you to say why sentence should not now be pronounced by this court upon you?"

Manke—On what point am I found guilty?

The Judge—The jury have answered that question.

Manke—I want to know in what sort of a way. Guilty is very easily said. I want to know why.

The Judge—Upon the evidence.

Manke (laughing)—That's a damned lie.

Judge Barker—You have been tried by the laws and customs of this state, of which you are an adopted citizen.

Manke—That's a damned lie.

The judge then went on to say that the jury which had convicted him had done so impartially, and it was the opinion of the court that the verdict of the jury was fully sustained by the evidence. During the trial all evidence offered against him over which a question could be raised had been excluded.

Manke—That was only half a trial. Nothing but a hollow mockery.

Judge Barker—All the evidence offered in your defence, whether it had the weight of a feather or the strength of a thread, was unhesitatingly received.

Manke laughed loudly, coarsely, and with great derision.

The Judge—So the rope of evidence was made up and twisted together, so that most men who are wholly impartial will ever believe that you, actuated by the spirit of hatred and revenge, killed your enemy, John Atloff, in a manner and under circumstances that may be justly characterized as an act of base assassination. You have been defended by counsel of your own choice.

Manke—The lawyer was the worst I ever saw, and was good for nothing.

The Judge—He ranks high in the profession, and you have had the benefit of his best mind and efforts. Manke—Not half. He didn't do anything. He is no good.

Judge—Manke, the Court takes this opportunity to say to you that you cannot now have hopes of escaping the punishment fixed by the laws of the land; that you must die on the day and in the manner now to be mentioned.

Manke—All right. I am ready to-morrow.

Judge—In the meantime seek the mercy, compassion and pardon of your Maker. The sentence of the Court is that you be taken to the common jail of the county of Erie, there to be confined until Friday, the 2d day of April, 1890.

Manke—That's right; that's just right.

The Judge—On that day, between the hours of eleven and four o'clock, you will be hanged by the neck until you are dead.

Manke—Where in hell would you hang a man if not by the neck. You are right.

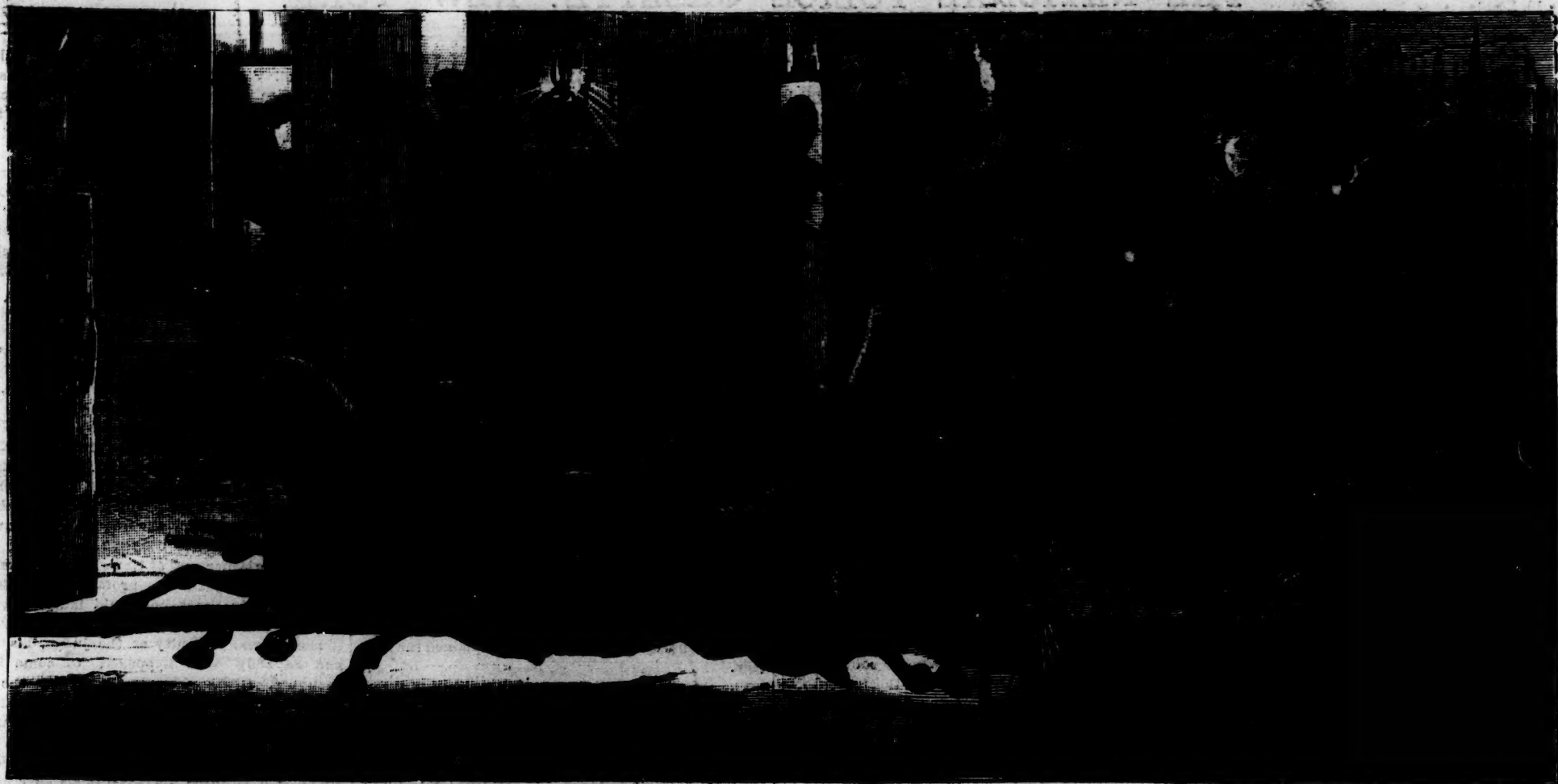
The Judge did not notice the interruption, but said: "May Almighty God have mercy on your soul."

Manke again laughed hoarsely, and said: "That's right, Judge; that's the best way to do it." Then, suddenly assuming a serious air, he seemed to realize the awful position he was in, and murmured: "All right, all right. I must die. Yes, I must die. Of course I must die."

On his way out he stopped and called for chewing tobacco, but was hurried away to jail. At the jail he was asked if he did not want a clergyman, and he said: "Not by a damned sight. I have studied for a minister myself, and I know as much as any of them."

CINCINNATI, March 3.—H. Metcalf, who is charged with murdering a man named Smith, on Patterson's Creek, near Williamsport, in 1865, and who fled the country, was detected at his old home Monday night and arrested. There were four other murders in the county about the same time Smith was killed, and Metcalf is suspected of having been implicated in all. A strong guard is kept over him for fear of lynching.





RAYMOND'S RASCALITY—A LOVE-CRACKED EXPRESSMAN ATTEMPTS A FORCED ELOPEMENT WITH A KANSAS CITY BELLE, AND IS TAUGHT THE TRUTH OF THE OLD ADAGE THAT "IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A BARGAIN" BY HER SPIRITED OBJECTIONS TO HIS MARITAL PLANS.—SEE PAGE 7.



NOT DOWN IN THE BILLS—A SUPERNUMERARY FURNISHES THE PATRONS OF A BINGHAMTON, N. Y., THEATRE WITH A THRILLING ACROBATIC FEAT, HIS TALENT AS A GYMNAST BEING DEVELOPED BY WARM APPLICATIONS TO A SENSITIVE PART OF HIS ANATOMY.—SEE PAGE 2.

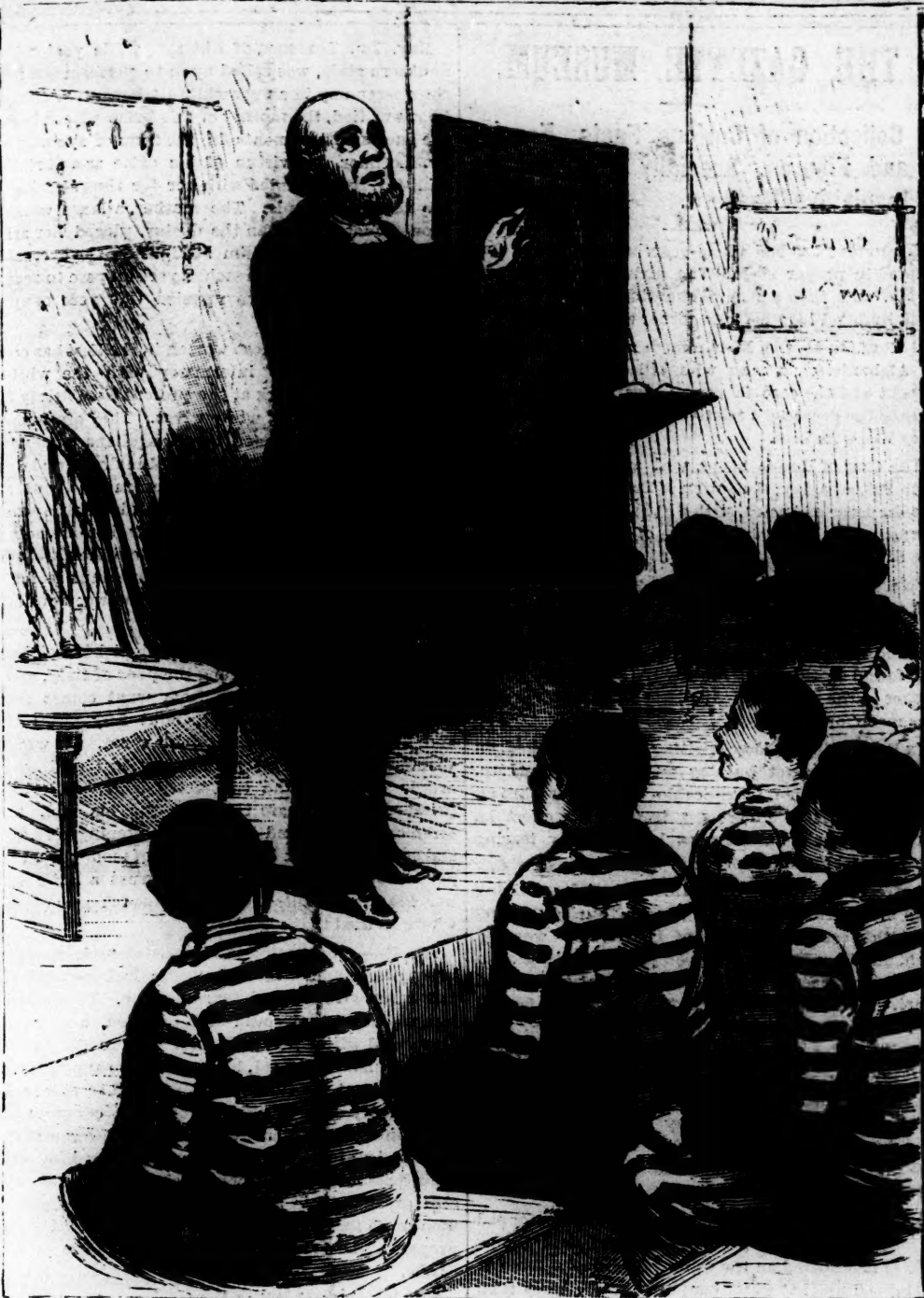


SETTLING HIS WASH-BILL—A BRAWNY KENTUCKIAN OBJECTS TO JOHN CHINAMAN'S TEA-CHEST HIEROGLYPHICS, AND TEACHES THE BE-NIGHTED HEATHEN A LESSON IN MELICAN MAN'S STYLE OF DOING BUSINESS; LOUISVILLE, KY.—SEE PAGE 11.



MR. AND MRS. HARDING WHILE CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT RED WING, MINN., BREAK THROUGH THE ICE AND NARROWLY ESCAPE A WATERY GRAVE.—SEE PAGE 6.





LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.



AND THEN ON THIS.

"OH! WHAT A FALL WAS THERE, MY COUNTRYMEN!"—EX-REVEREND COWLEY, CONVICTED OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HIS EARLY PASTORAL LABORS IN THE ROLE OF A CONDEMNED FELON, AND IS AFFORDED AN ILLUSTRATION STERN AND SEVERE OF THE MUTABILITY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS—LITTLE LOUIS VICTOR'S WRONGS AVENGED.—SEE PAGE 3.



GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM—TRAPS SET FOR UNWARY TRAVELERS BY HUMAN SHARKS, WHICH FURNISH CLUES TO THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES OF SIGHT-SEERS FROM THE COUNTRY—DANGERS THAT LURK IN EVERY NOOK AND CORNER OF THE MODERN BABYLON.—SEE PAGE 15.



## AGAIN THE PARSON.

This Time He Turns His Attention to Elopement, and Fails to Make a Hit.

## THE LAW AN OBSTACLE.

How a Delightful Ocean Voyage With a Charming Companion Was Prevented.

## A VERY, VERY NAUGHTY SISTER-IN-LAW.

On Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28, Henry Richardson, a Methodist minister of Glen Cove, Long Island, was arrested on board the Galveston steamer Rio Grande as she was about to sail from Pier 20 East River. Mr. Richardson was accompanied by his wife's sister, Lizzie Lowther, and his son Freddie. He was the pastor of the Methodist Church at Glen Cove, of which place he has been a resident for five or six years.

He was regarded as one of the most popular exhorters on Long Island, and only a week before preached a most effective sermon on inhumanity, in the course of which he urged his hearers to exhibit more leniency and have more pity for the erring one.

Mr. Richardson was married to his wife about six years ago, and they had three children, the youngest being about three months old. He always took a great interest in the building up of Sea Cliff. He was a wealthy man and owned considerable property in the neighborhood, and always contended that if Methodists could only be brought to believe it, Sea Cliff would become the great place for camp meetings, and other similar resorts on Long Island would be knocked higher than a kite. He was instrumental in having a new Methodist church built near the Tabernacle, but the society was not wealthy enough to pay a minister from the conference, and, therefore, Richardson was licensed to preach, which he did whenever it was impossible to secure an itinerant to occupy the pulpit.

Mr. Richardson's married life ran smoothly without a cloud, and he and his wife were apparently happy and contented in their well-furnished house until about six months ago, when Mrs. Richardson's sister, Miss Lizzie Lowther,

### AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN

about twenty-two years of age, came to the house apparently for the purpose of taking care of her sister, who was not well. Very soon after Miss Lowther came to the house the gossip of the village began to talk about the relations between the reverend gentleman and his wife's sister, but no facts were brought out publicly, as Mr. Richardson heard of these rumors and announced publicly that he would prosecute any one of the world's people who dared to question his integrity or morality, and to summon any one of the saints who should offend in a similar way before a church trial.

He was regarded as a very vindictive man, and as he possessed very great influence in Glen Cove, both religiously and socially, no one cared to gain his ill will by circulating any scandalous stories about him. Nevertheless, some of the world's people did talk about him and the relations existing between him and his sister-in-law, secretly, and it was said that about three months ago, when his wife gave birth to her third child, Mr. Richardson and Miss Lowther remained in each other's company all night. This statement came to the ears of Mrs. Richardson, and she questioned the servants about it, and was apparently satisfied with their explanation.

Later, however, she began to see evidence of undue familiarity between her husband and her sister, and frequently urged him to send her away, but he always refused this request, which led to

### FREQUENT QUARRELS BETWEEN THEM.

On Friday of last week Richardson said to her that he wished her to go to Westbury and see a Quaker there, as he understood he was in want of a governess for his children, and he thought she might be able to secure the position for her sister. She was only too glad to do this, and started for Westfield only to find after protracted inquiry that there was no such person as her husband described living there.

Fearing further treachery, she hastened home and had her worst fears realized, as she learned that her husband and her sister had fled, taking with them not only all of their clothing but also her clothing and jewelry, picked in two trunks. She also found that her little son Freddie had accompanied his father. On the bureau in her room she found the following letter:

"SEA CLIFF, Feb. 27, 1885.

"Mrs. R.—I have no doubt you feel surprised at what has occurred, but I don't see that you should. I have told you I would go, for what has been said in the past, just as soon as the chance presented.

"The chance occurs now, and I am off for good.

"I have taken little Freddie, and hope to get along all right, hoping that you will do the same. If ever I get a chance I will have Henry and the baby. No more from

HENRY RICHARDSON."

Mrs. Richardson fell in a swoon on the floor, but soon recovered, and the news of the flight of the guilty pair soon spread through the village, and Counsellor De Puy hastened to Justice Frost, and secured a warrant for the arrest of Richardson and Miss Lowther. The Justice also telegraphed to the Long Island City police to

### ARREST THE COUPLE.

but the telegram did not reach Long Island City until the fugitives had crossed to this city.

On Saturday morning Mrs. Richardson and Constable Lucas arrived in Hunter's Point about eight o'clock, and the first thing that they discovered when they went into the baggage room was her husband's baggage. This had been taken charge of at Sea Cliff by Richardson's brother, and at Hunter's Point had been ordered to be delivered at the pier of the Galveston steamer in New York.

Lucas then enlisted the services of Detective Kavanagh, and requested him to accompany the baggage to the pier of the steamer, while he visited it a little later with Mrs. Richardson.

When Lucas and Mrs. Richardson went on board the boat they found Richardson, his little son, his brother and Miss Lowther in the cabin. Mrs. Richardson fell on her knees before him, and asked him to go home, but he pushed by her roughly, and was then arrested by Lucas. Mrs. Richardson then spoke to her sister, who spat in her face, and was thereupon arrested by Kavanagh. The prisoners were taken before Justice Frost, at Glen Cove, and committed for examination to-day.

### SHOWERS OF SHOT.

Supposed Manifestations of a Murdered Man's Ghost—Something for Spiritualists to Talk About.

Considerable excitement prevails in the usually quiet village of Lebanon, O., over a wonderful phenomenon of showers of ordinary bird-shot falling from the ceiling of John W. Lingo's hardware store. This strange occurrence was first noticed by parties who resort to the place each evening to spend a few hours in social chat. On the first evening quite a number of people were in the store when the shot began to fall in different parts of the room, but principally in the midst of the crowd of persons sitting about the stove. As the stove was near a hatchway, it was thought by some that some person or contrivance was in the upper portion of the building which threw or dropped the shot down. Parties were selected, and a thorough search was made of the building. All the floors were visited, and every nook and corner ransacked, when the committee returned, and

### REPORTED NO SPOOKS FOUND.

Then some one suggested that they all go to the front end of the store, where the ceiling is perfect, and no hatchways to the upper rooms.

The shot continued to fall the same as at the back portion of the room. Then it was proposed that all present hold their hands up over their heads, in order that no one could use his hands to throw or drop the shot. Still the shot fell, as usual. Great excitement prevails, and the wonderful phenomenon is all the talk on the streets, yet so far no one has been able to solve the mystery. The committee selected to search the building discovered, also, that the shot falling about the room were of a different size from any sold by Mr. Lingo, which was also confirmed by his own statement.

A correspondent visited the haunted room on Friday night of last week in order to see whether the reports circulated upon the streets were true or false. He found a large party standing in the back part of the room, perfectly astonished at the strange and mysterious things happening around them. The shot fell about one per second and in different portions of the room. It can only be accounted for in the sense of a spiritual manifestation, some one in the room being the medium. This belief is strengthened from the fact that one dark December night in 1874, while the winds were howling without, playing their usual freaks with sign and shutter, there stealthily stole in through the back door, which had been pried from its hinges,

### A DESPERATE CHARACTER.

bent on robbing the safe of the store, that was known at that time to contain a large sum of money. Extra instructions to the clerk, who slept in the building up stairs, given him by the proprietor before leaving the office in the evening, caused him to be on his guard, and to awake more easily than on ordinary occasions. He was aroused about two o'clock in the morning by the fall of some heavy substance on the floor below, being no doubt the dropping of a sledgehammer by the thief. Noiselessly the faithful clerk stole out of bed, and seizing a double-barreled shotgun that stood near his bed he crept to the hatchway, and found himself in full view of the burglar, who was preparing to blow the safe. At the click of the shot-gun hammer the thief started toward the place of ingress, but was not quick enough to escape the aim of the determined clerk, who discharged both barrels at him. A howl of anguish and a few words, evidently from his pals, and all was silent. In the morning great pools of blood stood upon the floor, and stains were on the back door and through the alley. Nothing was ever heard of the burglar after, but, from the pools of blood, he was no doubt killed by the double discharge of the shot-gun, and was carried away and buried by his pals. This man's spirit, which left the mortal remains of a burglar killed with a double charge of shot, is evidently hovering about the place where it took its flight from the mortal body, and is manifesting its presence by scattering the little instruments of its mortal dissolution. Our spiritual believers side with this theory, and say there is not the least doubt that it is a spiritual manifestation, some one present being the medium. Certainly, to the majority of our people, there is something very mysterious about the matter, and, if not spiritual manifestation, we ask what is it?

A STRANGER at Camden, S. C., drank on a wager eight glasses of liquor in a very short time, and was soon afterward found a corpse. From letters on his body it is inferred that the poor fellow came from Massachusetts, and that his name was J. W. Sawyer. He was an old man—probably over fifty years of age.

## THE GAZETTE MUSEUM.

A Collection of Curious Facts, Fancies and Figures, Specially Prepared for Inquisitive Readers.

LEADVILLE has had a leap-year ball which was conducted in proper style. The girls had three knife fights, and then a general shooting affray, while the men huddled together in a corner and yelled.

ACCORDING to the Mohammedan law, as practiced in Afghanistan, a man who killed another, when caught and the case is proved against him, is made over to the deceased's relatives, for them to do what they like with him.

THE Czar of Russia keeps soul and body together with \$25,000 a day; the Sultan of Turkey, with \$18,000; the Emperor of Austria, with \$10,000; the Emperor of Germany, with \$8,200; the King of Italy, with \$6,400; the King of the Belgians, with \$1,643, and Queen Victoria, with \$5,000.

A SHARPER disposed of a hundred brass rings at an average of a dollar apiece at Logansport, Ind. His method was to go into a store or office, say that he had found a gold ring, inquire if there was a pawnbroker in the place, and finally accept whatever offer was made for the article.

IN Paris, lately, a lady visiting a friend wished, on leaving, to put a pet bulldog which was chained up. The dog from some inexplicable cause, was thrown into an excess of fury; by a tremendous effort he broke his chain and flew at her, actually tearing away the whole of her nose.

A WOMAN now living at Little Rock, Ark., is living with her fourteenth husband, having buried the previous thirteen. She has kept the last hat worn by each, and they hang on thirteen pegs in the wall. An empty peg stares at the present occupant of her fond heart. If this story isn't true, the woman is a fearful liar.

NEAR Columbus, Ga., is the home of a man named Walker, now ninety-five years of age, who has not been known to wear a pair of boots or shoes for nearly forty years. One day last week he was thought dead, and was dressed and laid in the coffin, when he revived and demanded an explanation of this strange treatment.

A SHIP crossing the Equator recently was stopped by jelly fish. It was 1 o'clock at night, and thousands of fish floated on the water. The condensers got so stopped up that water could not enter. They then became so hot that steam had to be stopped altogether and the strainers taken off and cleared. A delay of five hours was occasioned.

Mrs. RODGERS of Columbus, Ga., was formerly wealthy, and among other property owned Laura Mitchell, a negro. The war freed Laura and made Mrs. Rodgers poor, and for fourteen years the slave has supported her old mistress by her own slender earnings, and when Mrs. Rodgers died the other day, Laura saw that she had a decent burial.

At the last birthday party of Nicholas Bratt, of Hart's Falls, Mass., when he celebrated his centenary, his infant son, sixty-one years of age, introduced the guests. Bratt had lost his sight, and has lived for years on bread and milk and other simple food. He has lived under eighteen Presidents, having been born before the constitution was adopted.

An eccentric cat of Brattleboro, Vermont, brought a rat to her kittens, but prevented their killing it, adopted it herself, and brought it up. By some accident they became separated for four months, when the cat again seeing it sprang for it, but is said to have instantly recognized it, and bringing up her kittens, then full grown, enjoyed an old-time frolic.

ADVICE from Isabella, Ga., gives an account of the killing of old man Martin, colored, in Worth county a few days ago. He had been hunting his cow and sat down on the river bank to rest. An alligator was a few feet off and made a sudden rush upon the defenseless old man, struck him with his tail, knocked him down, seized him by the head in its powerful jaws and bore him into the water.

A CRESTON (Ia.) doctor has relieved one of his patients of a monstrosity like a devil-fish, which had attached itself to the man's stomach by innumerable tendrils and suckers, and the victim remembers that he has never been well since he drank from a stream of water in Sweden twenty years ago. The next meeting of the society of physicians and surgeons at Chicago is to have a chance to examine the animal.

A STRANGER in Bodie one day last week in eating a plate of hash at a restaurant, being very hungry, unguardedly neglected to chew it properly and swallowed a large coat button. They doctored him for pneumonia three days before he was able to explain. Then they fed him a big button hole tied to a string and fished it out in no time. He now strains all his hash through a cane-bottom chair very carefully before eating.—Gold Hill News.

H. M. STANLEY brought home from Africa the skulls of two animals called "sokos," which had been eaten by an affable chief with whom he hobnobbed one day, and Professor Huxley at once pronounced them to be human. But Central America has now come forward with the susmetu, and so far as subscriptions go at present this animal would appear to come as near ourselves as the soko, for the other natives of its forests whom we call men and women call the susmetu human.

At the Theatre Lyrique, in Paris, the piece which they are at present playing, "Le Beau Solignac," contains an effect which creates a tremendous sensation. The heroine gets too near an open grate, and the train of her dress catches fire. Of course she is in imminent danger of burning to death, when the opportune hero rushes in and saves her. Numbers of women faint each night, who would not if they knew that all the dress but the lace trimmings is steeped in a chemical solution which makes it fire-proof.

Rev. Dr. Lohmeyer, of Chicago, while pastor in a Southern state, was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony in a poor white settlement. After the knot was tied, the mother of the bride placed before the guests refreshments in the form of rye whisky. Dr. Lorimer, by virtue of his office as a Christian minister, remonstrated with her for thus starting in life the new couple. The mother, a large woman, about a foot taller than the doctor, placed her arms akimbo, and, looking him straight in the eye, said: "Look a-yare, Mister Preacher, yer kim yere to marry this yere couple; yer kim yere married this yere couple; now git!"

THE absence of Chinese women in the East has compelled the males to intermarry with the whites. There are in New York at the present time nearly 300 Chinamen who have white wives. They are mainly Spanish and Irish women, the Mongolians preferring the latter on account of their skill in domestic labor. This intermarriage of races commenced about six years ago. Consequently a young Chino-Celtic generation is springing up, the oldest member of whom is about five years of age. As these children are very numerous they may become an important factor in strengthening the kindly relations between our citizens and Chinese emigrants.

THE severe weather and deficient harvest have wrought great distress among the poor of Italy, and a tragic story of desperation from want comes from Naples. Dominico, a laborer, about fifty years old, and his wife lived in a miserable room. He was ill, without hope of recovery, and they had sold every article of value and contracted debts. At last the priest came to prepare the man for his end. The ceremony embittered instead of softening his heart, and as his wife took the last piece of money from his pocket to buy him medicine, he thrust a knife into her heart and killed her. He was taken to prison, where he died that night.

Mrs. C— was pastor of a Baptist church in a certain town in one of the states. He had been on very bad terms with his flock for some time. They abused him whenever they could find occasion, and he reciprocated with equal readiness. Before his contract with the parish expired, he received the appointment of chaplain at the state prison. Elated at this lucky opportunity of getting rid of him, the congregation came in full numbers to hear his farewell sermon, perhaps less to compliment than to annoy him with their presence. Great was their astonishment, and still greater their anger, when the reverend gentleman chose for his text the following words, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."

THE latest "racket" on the farmers is the "census-taking." A gentlemanly fellow drives up with blanks for statisticians of the farm—bushels of wheat, number of cattle raised, acres under cultivation, etc. Between the tables and the foot of the page, where the farmer signs his name attesting the statement, is a blank space, whose existence is accounted for as affording room for miscellaneous information. In a month more the farmer receives notice from a neighboring bank that his note for \$150 is due. He knows nothing of the note, but investigation shows that the "census-taker" has filled in the blank with a promise to pay, which, being in the hands of an innocent holder must be paid by the unlucky dupe.

A YOUNG man named Elmer Severance, who was working at Smith & Carter's camp at Princeton, Minn., bet one of his companions a quarter that he could place a dipper of cold water on the stove and place his finger in the dipper until the water began to boil. The wager was accepted. Severance held his finger in the dipper quite a while, but was obliged to withdraw it before the water had reached a boiling point, hence he lost his bet. On examination it was found that the finger was completely cooked; it pained Severance so that he was obliged to quit work and come to town for medical treatment. The probability was that the finger would have to be amputated.

ADOLPH REAL has a stock-ranch on the Martinez, ten miles east of San Antonio, Tex. Mr. Real has a nine year old son, whose name is Emil. Three days ago Emil, accompanied by his little dog, went into the timber on the creek hunting cotton-tail rabbits. In a short time the little dog chased a rabbit into a hollow tree, and sat down at the hole to inform his master by barking. When Emil arrived at the tree he thrust his hand into the hollow, but instantly, groaning with pain, withdrew it, having in the last joint of his index finger the unmistakable wounds of the fangs of a rattlesnake. The child did not fly off shrieking, but at once drew out his jackknife, and splitting the end of his finger, continued sucking it until nearly all the venom was drawn out. The next morning Mr. Real armed with an ax, went to the tree, and on cutting out a big chip, found a full grown specimen of the terrible crotalus, with five rattles, still "holding the fort" while the terrified rabbit, which had crawled up the hollow past the snake was still there.

THE New York police, the other day found a young fellow in a dreadful fit and took him to the station house where a hospital ambulance was at once sent for. It came, as such things do, in a hurry, bringing two doctors. "Epilepsy," said one; "Sham," said the other, and they proceeded to test the case. The fellow was foaming at the mouth, with eyes set, fists clenched, and limbs rigid. Ice-water was poured on him and he showed no sign. It was about to be admitted a case of epilepsy, when hot water was dropped just a little, upon his skin. The patient at once jumped up, all right. Both doctors were then aroused and they threw him down and poured all the ice water they had over him till he begged them to stop. Then he owned up that he was shamming, and had recently shammed his way into Bellevue for a month, and then into St. Luke's. "Whenever I want a new suit of clothes and to feed up, I go out and have a fit," he said. The doctors say this sort of thing is not rare, and that these well fellows in hospitals make dangerous thieves there.



## WHIFFS OF SULPHUR

**Wafted to This Mundane Sphere  
by the Curious Caperings of  
His Satanic Majesty's  
Emissaries.**

## LEADVILLIANS ON THE RAMPAGE.

**Human Fire-Bugs, of the Temperance  
Species, Apply the Incendiary  
Torch to a Number of  
Liquor Saloons.**

## A LINEAL DESCENDANT OF CAIN.

**An Alleged Murderer is Disciplined in a  
New Style of Confession—The  
End of a Rope.**

## A WIFE SKIPS OUT WITH HER COACHMAN.

### FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—The jury in the case of Babe Bedford, Sandy Penn and Edward Queenan, charged with the murder of George P. Hiehl by striking him on the head with a stone tied in a handkerchief and kicking him, returned a verdict of guilty this morning.

### SHE'S AN EXILE.

MEXICO, Mo., Feb. 27.—Emma Prilly, the prime cause of the Inlow murder, was to-day furnished transportation out of the state and ordered not to again set foot on Missouri soil. If she had remained, in Mexico there is no doubt the negroes would have mobbed her.

### WOULDN'T HAVE IT.

CLINTON, Iowa, Feb. 29.—A party of young men had a quarrel in the saloon known as the Black Front on Friday evening. Charles Downs, the proprietor, shot Lefe Sloppy, the ball entering the latter's mouth, emerging from the cheek near the ear. Downs was arrested, but an officer let him go after his coat, and he escaped. One or two others fled. Sloppy's wound is not dangerous.

### DEAD IN A BAGNIO.

ATCHISON, Kan., Feb. 29.—James Benning, a well-known railroad man, was found dead in Dutch Bill's bagnio, at 4 o'clock this morning. He went there about 9 o'clock in the evening, and asked for a place to lie down, as he was sick. He was given a room, and afterward found dead, as stated. The coroner calls it apoplexy. Benning has been on a long spree, and is undoubtedly another victim of whisky.

### HELD UP.

GENESEO, Ill., Feb. 28.—Last evening, at half-past seven o'clock, while Capt. A. H. Bogardus was discharging his fire-works, Mrs. Kaiser, wife of a brewer, was robbed of her pocket-book, containing about \$25. She was standing under one of the street lamps watching the display, when two men grabbed her, one holding her, the other going through her pockets. A large crowd was standing all around. The robbers made good their escape.

### A BAD 'UN.

A Grand Rapids, Mich., special says: William Addis, who is rated at half a million, and is known far and wide in commercial circles in the western cities, obtained a decree of divorce, proving that his wife had been guilty of criminal intimacy with her coachman, Thomas Cummings, also with one Norman Monroe and Herman Blodgett, the latter of whom is Addis' man Friday. The matter causes a great sensation. Five daughters feel deep disgrace over the mother's downfall.

### SHAKING THEM UP.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Feb. 29.—The grand jury on yesterday returned bills of indictment against Annie Barnahan, Sally Campbell, Nettie Connelly and Annie Oleson, keepers of houses of ill-fame, for the crime named. The jury is also investigating charges against eighty saloon-keepers for selling liquor to minors. Mary Nye and Joseph Goodrich pleaded not guilty to indictments found against them for lewdly and lasciviously associating together, not being married.

### A DOCTOR'S CRIME.

During last week West Union, Ia., was thrown into excitement by the sudden demise of Mrs. Dr. Gottschall, the body exhibiting signs of brutal treatment, which aroused suspicion. After a post-mortem examination the coroner's jury rendered a verdict against the dead woman's husband as principal, and the Chauncey McCoy as accessory. The parties were arrested and arraigned before the grand jury, which found a bill against them for murder in the first degree. Dr. Gottschall has had the reputation of an abortionist. He is a man of about forty-five years of age, and his wife was only twenty-one.

### AMONG THE MISSING.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Feb. 29.—Yesterday afternoon O. H. Knox and Wm. Rustin, young men, crossed the river at this point to duck hunt in marshes, located some four miles back in Kentucky, since which time nothing has been heard of them. It is thought they have become lost or drowned in the swamp. The first suspicion was aroused by the return of the dog which accompanied them. To get home he must have swam the river. This afternoon a number of citizens started in search, but up to this time the missing ones have not been found. Rustin is of the firm of Rustin & Paine, job printers, and Knox is well known and respected in this community.

### TYPICAL TEXAS TRAGEDY.

GALVESTON, Tex., March 1.—A dispatch to the *New* from Otero, this state, says three men—Holland, Martin and Coward—were engaged in pitching half dollars for drinks, when Holland disrupted the game and started for his house for a gun to kill Martin. His mother, seventy-five years of age, came from the house and caught Martin, who was trying to prevent Holland from getting the gun, and held his arms while Holland drew his knife and savagely hacked Martin's throat. Coward picked a pistol in Martin's hand, and the latter shot Holland in the arm, shook clear of the old lady, knocked her down and shot her, inflicting a wound from which she shortly died. He then fired again at Holland, wounding him mortally. Martin's injuries are not serious.

### A TRAMP FOILED.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Feb. 29.—Charles Vosburg, a tramp, aged twenty-one years, of Shopierre, Wis., entered Henry Maxeiner's dwelling, three miles west of Brighton, in Jersey county, yesterday, and made a violent assault on Mrs. Maxeiner, who was then in bed and in the pains of child-birth. Mr. Maxeiner, fortunately, was near by, and the screams of his helpless wife brought him to her rescue. He immediately dealt the villain a deadly blow on the head and felled him to the floor. He was taken charge of by the officers and brought to this city and lodged in jail last night, where Dr. Barry, county physician, dressed his wounds. He may recover. Vosburg was never seen in these parts before. It is supposed his intention was to commit a rape upon Mrs. Maxeiner.

### TWO BRUTES.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Feb. 29.—Two men, Mike Lyon and John King, were arrested early yesterday morning by the police, and charged with having committed a rape on the person of Mrs. Sullivan, who is fifty years of age. Two others, Jerry Sullivan and Jim Flynn, are also under arrest, but will be used only as witnesses. Mrs. Sullivan states that she had received \$25 in the afternoon, and was on her way home when she was overtaken by two men, who insulted her. She resisted, and one of the men knocked her down. She was dragged into a ravine, where her person was searched for money, after which both ravished her. Mrs. Sullivan is in bed at her home on Eighth street. There was an attempt to-day to organize a force to lynch the parties accused, but it was not successful.

### AN AWFUL ACCUSATION.

GREENSBURG, Ind., Feb. 29.—Mary Buddemeier, a girl of sixteen years, and living with her family, two and a half miles from Newport, in this county, charges her father, August Buddemeier, who was a local politician, and a man of large family, with being the father of her eight-months-old girl-baby. She says the unnatural parent ruined her in October, 1878, accomplishing his crime by threats and force. Buddemeier has fled the country, having deeded all his property to his wife last Friday, and bidden them a last farewell. The family is in the greatest distress over the affair, and the neighbors express their indignation in the most emphatic terms, going so far as to threaten lynching should the monster's whereabouts be discovered. It is one of the filthiest and most revolting scandals that ever came to the surface in this vicinity.

### BURNED ALIVE.

ALTON, Ill., Feb. 29.—A horrid death by burning took place in Upper Alton last night. The victim was Mrs. Hildebrand, a lady over eighty years of age, the mother of two well-known merchants of this city and Upper Alton. She was so feeble as to be unable to leave her room. She resided with her son, W. H. Hildebrand. Last evening her daughter-in-law carried up her supper and left her alone, sitting in front of an open fire. Soon after she detected the odor of burning clothing, and going into her mother-in-law's room was horrified to find it full of fire, and the old lady burned to a crisp. It is supposed she leaned forward to stir the fire and caught her sleeve in the flames. Owing to her feeble health her weak cries were unheard, and she perished miserably.

### A DESPERADO KILLED.

TEXARKANA, Ark., March 1.—Two men, calling themselves Ed Murphy and John Hill, and claiming to be from Texas and "thoroughbred killers," have been making themselves a terror to the law-abiding citizens of the lower part of this county by stealing horses and threatening men's lives for the past two months. Sheriff Roberts and three deputies rode fifteen miles through a blinding storm, and made a descent on the house the two men were known to occupy. They opened fire on the sheriff's party on their call to surrender, Murphy having previously informed Roberts that he would not be taken alive. The firing was returned, and kept up till Murphy was shot through the body, breaking his back. He fired three shots after this, and was shot four times before he was killed. The other desperado surrendered, and is now in jail.

### MURDER WILL OUT.

BRADFORD, Pa., March 2.—A mysterious murder has just come to light at Clarion, Pa. In August last John Blair disappeared mysteriously. He had sold his farm and put his household goods upon a raft, intending to go to Cincinnati by water. Several weeks afterward his decomposed body was found in Piny creek. A small hole was noticed above the

right eye, but no attention was paid to this, as it was thought that he had fallen from the raft into the river, striking a sharp stone and causing death. This week a couple, living at Clarion, quarreled and separated. The woman went before a magistrate and swore that her husband killed Blair in a quarrel over some dogs. The murderer stripped the body of its clothes and, weighting it, threw it into Piny creek. He has been wearing the clothes of the dead man ever since, and the garments have been recognized. The murderer has fled the country.

### MAIL-THIEF MORTON.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 29.—Six weeks ago Beverly L. Morton, twenty-two years of age, was appointed a substitute letter-carrier, and learned the routes in the centre of the city. He has been seen manipulating letters, but nothing wrong was thought of it until Friday, when several persons complained of loss of money letters. A trap was set by Assistant Postmaster Tuley to catch the thief. Seventeen decoy letters were set, and the twelve sent to R. M. Boardman, of the Commonwealth Distribution Lottery Company, were taken. The guilt was fastened on Morton, when the accused acknowledged the theft. It is not known to what extent the robbery has been carried on, but when Morton was arrested \$51 were found on his person, which were identified as money placed in the decoy letters. Morton was taken before Commissioner Wharton, and held in \$2,000 to answer the charge of United States mail robbery in the United States Circuit Court.

### MURRAY'S WEDDING.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Feb. 27.—A very quiet but unusually interesting wedding took place in this city last evening, the particulars of which are as follows: A short time ago a young woman named Ada Stilson from the vicinity of Hannibal, Mo., came to this city and took up her abode with a family named Jackson. It seems that in days gone by she had loved not wisely but too well, and about ten days ago she became a mother. The child died a day or two after its birth. The unfortunate girl has two brothers, one living here and the other at Hannibal. They met shortly after the sad affair and fixed upon a young man at Hannibal, named Murray, as the author of the sister's shame. They compelled Murray to come to this city and took him to the Jackson residence. While one stood guard over him with a revolver, the other hunted up a preacher, Rev. Mr. Busby, and in a short time the girl and Murray were joined in lawful wedlock. Young Murray is at present a law student at Quincy, Ill., and expects to graduate next summer.

### BURNING OUT LIQUOR DEALERS.

Quite a panic was created on the 2nd inst. in a small village called Temperanceville, Pa., located on the Monongahela River, about twenty-three miles from Pittsburgh, by the persistent attempts to destroy the place. The village is immediately opposite Monongahela City, which is in the local option county of Washington. The liquor dealers established their headquarters at Temperanceville, to which place the tipplers, old and young, resorted. About 2 o'clock in the morning Markle's tavern was set on fire and totally destroyed, together with all its contents. A private house adjoining, owned by Frank Menown, was also consumed. While this fire was in progress, a new house, occupied by Fred Anton, saloon-keeper, was fired, but the flames were extinguished. The incendiaries then applied the torch to the building occupied as a saloon by Fred Lamont. The first attempt failed, but two hours later a second effort was made, and the building and its contents were destroyed. No clue has been obtained to the perpetrators.

### RIOT IN LEADVILLE.

LEADVILLE, Col., Feb. 27.—The O'Donovan Rossa mine, on Carbonate Hill, the property of Messrs. Bates, Griffiths, Gilbert & Morrissey, was jumped last night by ten men sent out by T. J. Prendle, a saloon-keeper here. The law was powerless to dispossess them, and so the owners and their friends rallied to the rescue. They formed a company of seven men, and, arming themselves with rifles, set out at 10 o'clock last night to recapture the mine. They were fired upon by the jumpers, and returned the fire. The battle was kept up all night, over 1,000 shots being fired by both parties. When daylight came the attacking party moved down, firing at every step and carrying the mine, the jumpers surrendering. Matt Lynch, one of the jumpers, had an ear shot off and his right hip shattered with a rifle ball. Thomas McFarland, one of the owners' party, was wounded in the shoulder. Neither of the men will die. The rightful owners are now in possession of the mine, and determined to hold it against jumpers at all hazards. Excitement is running high, and an uprising of the Vigilantes may be expected at any moment.

### CHOKING IT OUT OF HIM.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Feb. 27.—The man Shannon, who mysteriously disappeared from his home near Holton about a week ago, has not yet been heard from. A colored man named Williams, who claims to have bought Shannon's house, was arrested on a charge of murdering the missing man. After being held some days he was released on bail, and last night a mob took him to a tree near the place where Shannon was last seen and tried to make him confess that he had killed the man. They put a rope around his neck and swung him to a limb. After pulling him up two or three times and frightening him almost to death, the fellow said if they would let him alone he would tell about it. He then stated that he saw two men murder Shannon and throw his body into the creek; then he said they dragged the body down the stream and buried it a short distance below, but diligent search fails to reveal any evidence of a dead man in the vicinity indicated, and the people of the place are generally of the opinion that Williams' story was a pure fabrication, and that he simply told it because he thought he had to tell something, or the mob would have killed him. The people of the town think the disappearance of Shannon is still wrapped in as much mystery as ever.

### A SELF-MURDERER.

CARROLLTON, Ill., Feb. 29.—Malvern M. McClure, in his thirtieth year, shot himself this morning at 7 o'clock, in the temple, and died in one hour. Deceased had for many years been a very great sufferer from dyspepsia, and was of a singularly quiet and retiring disposition. He resided alone with his aunt, Mrs. C. B. Legg, in this city. His mother resides in Johnstown, Pa. Of late he has been feeling badly on account of the serious illness of an aunt who lives in Chester, Ill. On Saturday he said that if his aunt died he had no desire to live, and drew some money from the bank, with the design of leaving on Monday morning for Chester. This morning he rose, dressed in his best clothes, made the fires and awoke Mrs. Legg. He handed her his keys, saying, "I guess I'll be off this morning." Mrs. Legg, supposing he referred to his intended trip to Chester, hurried up to get the breakfast. When he did not appear she went to his room and found him lying on his side on the bed, with a bullet wound in his right temple. The shot was fired from a single-barrel twenty-two calibre pistol. The coroner's inquest brought out no facts not here stated. Deceased had been spending much time of late in the assiduous study of shorthand.

### THE CURSE OF CAIN.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 2.—A shocking domestic tragedy occurred last yesterday afternoon at the village of Silver Street, in Newberry county. Mr. W. Spearman, a respectable and successful farmer, who lives a few miles from the village, was the actor in the horrible affair. Upon entering his house, Mr. Spearman accosted a younger brother who was just rising from the supper table, saying: "I want to speak to you, brother," and simultaneously drew out a large, sharp knife, which he had concealed in his sleeve. The unsuspecting young man leaned over, when his brother made a dash with the knife at his throat, cutting a terrible gash and severing the jugular vein, causing death in a few minutes. The slayer then rushed into the adjoining room and seized his wife, cutting her throat from ear to ear. He then lifted the bloody knife and deliberately cut his own throat. When assistance came the two men were found dead in pools of blood and the unfortunate wife was breathing her last. The only rational supposition as to the cause of this remarkable tragedy is that the murderer was laboring under temporary mental aberration, for he was known to be a sober, kind-hearted man, who was on the most affectionate terms with his wife and brother. The affair has caused the greatest excitement throughout Newberry county.

### The "Blood-Red Knight."

Burglary, say the London *Telegraph*, is a much less common crime among the Celtic races than violence and robbery of the person, and, despite the multiplicity of agrarian outrages for which Ireland has always been infamous, it has often been boasted on the Green Isle that house-robbery is an English rather than an Irish offense. An attempted burglary which happened not far from Doneraile, in the County of Cork, is, indeed, still spoken of, so that the story has become historical, although the event occurred nearly seventy years ago.

On the morning of March 11, 1811, a gentleman named Purcell was in bed on the ground floor in a house of which he was the sole occupant. He was an eccentric old man, and reputed to be very wealthy. As he lay in bed he heard a noise in the next room, and through the open door he saw a man jump from the window-sill into the apartment. The intruder was followed by another, and altogether Mr. Purcell ascertained, by listening acutely, that six robbers had got into his house. The moon was shining brightly, and the brave old man, believing that his life would be forfeited determined to sell it dearly. He concealed himself in the shade by the side of the doorway between the bed-room and the sitting-room, and, knife in hand, awaited the first comer, who fell, fatally stabbed to the heart. A second thief advanced and thrust his gun into the room. Mr. Purcell saw that the muzzle was not pointed at his body, and, as the gun was discharged, struck its holder dead just below the collar-bone. As the third of the gang crept cautiously across the threshold, Mr. Purcell discovered that his knife was bent, and calmly straightened the blade between his teeth previous to plunging it into his third victim's heart.

The rest of the band, daunted by the intrepid resistance offered to them by a single old man, retreated to the open window, and, getting out of it with all speed, turned their backs upon a house which already contained three of their dead companions. Mr. Purcell, when the story was told to Mr. Percival, then Prime Minister, was knighted for his bravery, and went over afterward by the name of "The Blood-red Knight."

### Settling His Wash Bill.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 2.—A six foot, broad shouldered Kentucky countryman recently left some shirts to be washed by Wing Lee, an almond-eyed Celestial on Third street, and yesterday called to get the goods, but, unfortunately, had lost his slip of hieroglyphics which Washee-washee called a check, and consequently was refused the articles desired. The countryman described the goods and exhibited his name on the collar of the garments, but Wing insisted "No checkee, no gettee," and the result was words, ending in China striking Kentucky, when the latter seized the diminutive foreigner by his pig-tail, swung him around his head a few times, demolishing fixtures, scattering goods and literally wiping up the establishment with his revolving body, only letting go with a nicety of calculation that sent the Chinaman through the door into the street, from whence he gathered himself up and ran like a deer from the wrath he had aroused, while Kaintuck picked up his goods and quietly wended his way to the depot.



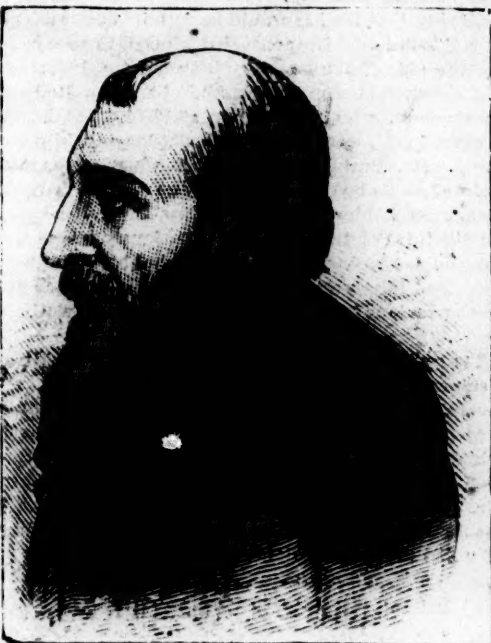
### A Notorious Female.

[With Portrait.]

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 3.—One of the most notorious confidence women in this state, named Ollie Dutton, is under arrest in this city, charged with grand larceny and participating in several swindling schemes. In an interview she gave the following interesting history of her life:

"I was born in Massachusetts, and was well educated. My maiden name was Olive Louise Dutton, and I shall be thirty-four(?) next September. At the age of eighteen I was arrested in Springfield for false pretenses and served a sentence of fifteen months in the House of Correction. I was arrested twelve years ago in Rochester, convicted and served two years and four months in the Penitentiary. Another time I was arrested in Albion, and ten of the wealthiest citizens of the place went my bail. I was convicted and got a sentence of twenty days. Of course, every body knows I used opium all my life, and that was the cause of all my trouble. I went to a Hospital in New York, and was transferred to an Asylum in Philadelphia three years ago, and escaped. I had returned to the use of opium, and again lost my mind, so much so that I was strapped down and remained in that state several weeks. I must have been very violent, for I was all black and blue. Then I was several months in the State Asylum for the Insane at Baltimore, and also fourteen months in the Asylum at Washington, from which I escaped. I was in Boston several weeks; then in Huntington, New York, Schenectady, and from there I came to Buffalo. I have been here three months, and have been taking care of the sick at the Home of the Friendless. If it had not been for opium my life would not have been what it has been. It was the cause of all my misfortunes. I became so accustomed to it that I never seemed to be doing wrong when under its influence. Everything I did seemed right, and I would do anything to get opium. Thirty grains a day. I took it as a stimulant, and that was what made me insane. It is worse than *mnia opota*. I attempted to take my own life several times, but I had excellent care while I was in the asylums, especially at Washington.

People all blame me for living the life I have, but



CARL MANKE, SENTENCED TO BE HUNG AT BUFFALO, N. Y., APRIL 2, FOR KILLING JOHN ATLOFF.—SEE PAGE 7.

If they knew my circumstances and how I have tried to get employment they would not blame me so much. I was always found out in the end, and wherever I was; but I have often seen my name in the newspapers, and affairs charged to me, when I was hundreds of miles away. I went to Baltimore intending to do as well as any woman ever did, but a woman knew me and said I was one of the worst in the country. Then I was ordered to pack up and get out; and so it has always been wherever I went."

The police say that her operations extend over many large cities and several states, and she is well known not only to the police, but to the many indi-



PERSISTENT PITCHER—TIRED OF SINGLE-BLESSEDNESS AND PIQUED AT THE UNWILLINGNESS OF HIS ADORED HARRIET ANN BIGGS TO SHARE HIS LOT, HE KIDNAPS HER AFTER THE FASHION OF YE OLDEN TIMES AND CARRIES HER IN TRIUMPH TO HIS CASTLE; NORFOLK, VA.

viduals who have been her victims. Despite the effects of the deadly drug she has been constantly using, Ollie retains many traces of former beauty.

Parson Brisco, charged with certain immoralities with one of his female parishioners has been adjudged not guilty by the conference of which he is a member.

whose hands she had fallen, she would have married if a license could have been obtained. Pitcher was remanded by the local magistrate on the charge of carrying the woman off by force against her will, with intent to marry her, and the man who drove the cart was arrested for aiding and abetting in the abduction.

### A Daring Feat.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

SIOUX FALLS, D. T.—Probably one of the most reckless feats on record since Blondin's passage across Niagara Falls on a rope, was that performed by J. M. Obergon at this place a few days ago. This gentleman is one of the best bicyclists in this part of the country, and has won considerable fame



VICKSBURG'S (MISS.) TERRIBLE TRAGEDY—T. J. BOLTON MURDERS LEONARD AND DOUGLAS CLARKE, BROTHERS AND PROMINENT BUSINESS MEN, DURING A STREET BRAWL IN THAT CITY.—SEE PAGE 7.



HARRY BALDWIN, FOR WHOSE MURDER WILLIAM SCHALLER, A PROMINENT BREWER OF CINCINNATI HAS BEEN INDICTED.

among lovers of that machine by his skill in managing it. Whether he was prompted by a desire to outstrip his rivals in bicycling or was seized with a fit of lunacy, is a question. If the former, he has certainly gained his point, and proved himself an adventurer not likely to be imitated. Mounting his bicycle he started across the railroad bridge at this point, and made the dangerous passage successfully, one of the rails being his track. When everything is taken into consideration, this is, without doubt, the greatest feat in point of daring yet attempted. The sketch furnished is a correct one, taken by your correspondent on the spot.



## OUTRAGED STUDENTS.

An Attempt on the Part of a Troupe of Female Minstrels to Sing "Pinafore" Stirs up Bad Blood in the Cornell College Boys, and a Riot Ensues.

[Subject of Illustration.]

ITHACA, N. Y., Feb. 25.—Last night the Mrs. Rentz Female Minstrels gave an entertainment at Wilgus Hall and about two hundred students, who were in attendance, contrived to break it up. During the first part of the performance the shouting, cat calls, and horn blasts grew so fierce that the manager was compelled to ring down the curtain, but on the protestations of the students that they would thereafter remain quiet the curtain was raised and the performance resumed. When the last piece—a "Pinafore" burlesque—was attempted the noise became so loud that the singers could not be heard, the whole mass of students joining and singing a Cornell version of "Pinafore" at the tops of their voices. The town roughs, who formed a large portion of the audience, became angry at the proceedings, and commenced an assault on the students. Chairs and benches were broken, eyes were blackened, and heads pummelled, and to add to the confusion the gas was extinguished. A rush was then made for the street, and the fighting continued. The police arrested a freshman named Whitney, and after a severe struggle got him into the lockup. Several attempts were made by the students to rescue him, but each time they were prevented by the policemen and young men of the town. After considerable wrangling a trial was held. The freshman was fined \$50, and on President Russell becoming surety for the fine the offender was borne off in triumph by the students. Until a late hour at night occasional fights occurred between townsmen and gowmen, a great many sore heads and bleeding noses resulting therefrom. Three or four students were carried off insensible or bleeding, and a great number of both parties were badly beaten with clubs, although no one was fatally injured. It is thought that the matter will not end here, as both sides are thirsting for revenge, and it is fair to presume that the wrangling will continue for some time.

## Three Hearts Can't Beat as One.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LEWISTON, Me., March 2.—A drama of sterling merit occurred at No. — Androscoggin boarding block, the other night, which, if properly worked up and presented on the stage, would receive the plaudits of the delighted and merit-seeking audience. The hash dispensary in question, is the home of a heart-free, yet beautiful young damsel. Her heart is full of love for all,—young men especially. Now it happened, which is not strange, that she had two "fellows" and both being very attentive, called upon and "set up" with her alternate nights. Things went on in this alarming manner for some time, but, of course, they couldn't continue for ever. "Two



A DOMESTIC DRAMA IN ONE ACT—SCENE 1ST.—"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER, WERE TOTHER DEAR CHARMER AWAY."—SCENE 2D.—"AVAUNT AND QUIT ME SIGHT—TAKE BACK THE GEWGAWTS THOU GAVEST—SKIP"—TABLEAU; LOCALITY, LEWISTON, ME.

hearts can beat as one," very well, but when it comes to three, it's no go. Well, on the night before mentioned, these two weak mortals happened to call on the fair maiden of the boarding-house, and, naturally, both wanted to "set up" with their darling. The machinery run smooth for some time, but blood was in the eyes of both young men and the war cloud was enlarging. At last one of the noble youths could stand it no longer, and he freely expressed his opinion of his companion in misery, in a no complimentary manner. The rival jumped to his feet in rage, and there was a first glass prospect for a free fight, but it was not to be, for the maiden jumped between them, in a manner that would have done credit to Miss Halsey, and quashed out: "If you fellows can't behave yourselves, you'd better go home to your mamas." And then (how few girls would have done it) she threw an autograph album at one and a set of brass ear-rings at the other—which they had given her when their hearts were light and their hopes were bright—and with head erect sallied from the room. The two heart-broken young men slowly and silently departed, each avowing that women are indeed delusions.

## Kleptomania.

About eight years ago an alarm reached the office of the chief of police in London that jewels of great value had been stolen from a lady of rank while a guest at a quiet country house. A handsome reward was offered, and soon afterward it became known that the property had been recovered. Astounding as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the temporary proprietors of these things was a millionaire peer, who, albeit in no wise penurious, is singularly simple in his personal habits, and does not spend one-fourth of his income. The matter was hushed up, and very few persons outside of the family knew who the thief if we can so call him, really was. This was a genuine case of kleptomania, and proves that it really exists. An English earl of high distinction had this weakness from boyhood, and it involved his leaving Eton. When, in after years, he entered the cabinet, it was rumored that Lord — had entirely conquered the propensity, "except that at a cabinet counsel he never could resist Disraeli's new green kid gloves." The alarming disappearance of wax candles at the Travelers' Club, London, some years ago caused much dismay. The mystery was at length solved by a member of the committee seeing the old Duke of C— (with a clear \$750,000 a year) ambling along a corridor with a candle sticking out of each coat-tail pocket. His family were communicated with, and his grace ceased to come to the club. Possibly, a similar tendency may perhaps explain an untoward incident which occurred last season at Newport, and has lately been recalled by a concatenation of curious circumstances. There is, doubtless, a great deal of sham kleptomania, but it is not the less true that it is perfectly genuine. It is, however, very unfortunate to be at once kleptomaniac and impecunious.



MRS. RENTZ DIZZY FEMALE TRAMPS INFLICT THEMSELVES AND "PINAFORE" UPON THE QUIET CITIZENS OF ITHACA, N. Y. WHEREUPON THE STUDENTS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY PUT ON THE WAR-PAINT AND DO A LITTLE PROTESTING IN THEIR OWN PECULIAR WAY.



## MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of  
New York's Gas-Lit Life.

### ON A FERRY-BOAT.

A Wronged Wife, a Ruined Girl,  
and a Handcuffed Bigamist.

### THE "FLY-BY-NIGHTS."

How a Young Lady Took Care of  
Poor Papa.

BY AN OLD BOUNDER.

Glang! That's the last bell. You can already hear the rattle of the chains and the sound of the heavy planks being hauled on board by the deck hands.

We run for it, and gain the craft by a vigorous leap. It is just midnight, but still this boat connects with the 12 o'clock train in Jersey City for Philadelphia and the South.

Not so fortunate is a stout old gentleman, one with a great deal of embonpoint, who comes foaming down to the edge of the bridge, balances himself on his toes and waves his umbrella wildly at the few passengers who view his discomfort from the rear.

"Never mind, Brown," one of them yells; "Newark can get along without you one night."

"But my wife," replies the despondent Brown, "what'll she say—what'll she believe?"

"The worst, of course; go and deserve it like a man."

"Dammé if I don't," Brown shrieks after us; and as we cut out in the river and so lose sight of him the last glimpse shows him resolutely buttoning up his coat, jamming his hat over his head and starting towards the temptations of the great city.

I have no doubt that if we were on shore and could follow Brown he would afford abundant material for both pen and pencil. But we are now in the middle of the North River, with the city front marked out by dotted lines of fire and a huge bank of shadows ahead, pierced here and there by lights showing where Jersey City is; and our business is with the ferries exclusively.

In the men's cabin the atmosphere is almost suffocating. There are not many there, but every man is smoking, and I fall to wondering what Miss Ferguson—I think the name is Ferguson—would say to this when she couldn't stand the Third Avenue smoking car that she was fool enough to take in the first place, and too mean or mulish to relinquish when she discovered her mistake.

Two or three of the passengers are undeniably drunk, but it is only the midnight stage, and is by no means as bad as the variety which shows itself at about 2 or 3 A. M.

There are pretty girls in the ladies' cabin, returning with their escorts from the theatre or opera. They chatter like so many birds. There is one couple, however, who maintain a singular silence as they sit lovingly at the end of the long saloon.

She has been crying, and he has been comforting her. The faint brilliance which comes from the swinging lamp illumines a very pretty, girlish face. I was not listening, but I heard him say:

"Your father will be sure to forgive you, and then it'll be all right."

"But he won't, he won't, he won't," she sobbed; "he'll never forgive me."

An elopement!

The young man said nothing to this, but he happened to look up as I turned to gaze vaguely out of a window, and I saw in his eyes this sentence:

"If he don't it will be rough on you, for I'll have to shake you."

I was singularly impressed with this scene, and lost no time in communicating the details to the artist. We determined to watch; there might be another act in the drama.

There was, and a stirring one, too.

When the boat had been securely fastened we pushed on ahead and took up favorable positions in the shadows of the great depot shed. Singularly enough, two men, one of them elderly, and a woman with a hard, set face, occupied places similar to ours, and seemed as intent on waiting for some one as we were. Here they come. She has her veil down and is clinging timidly to his arm. He has his hat pulled down over his eyes, and since he does not look up he does not see the woman advancing upon him until she has knocked his hat off and squarely confronted him in the glare of a lamp overhead.

"That's the man," the strange woman exclaimed, turning to her companions; "that's my husband."

At this terrible sentence the young girl straightened up, pale with horror.

"Your husband?" she shrieked, almost hysterically—"he is my husband!"

"Poor thing, poor thing! Is it as bad as that?" the woman said, with a touch of tenderness in her voice.

Just then the deluded girl caught sight of the two men. She disengaged herself from the arm of the villain, ran, tottered, and almost fell into those which her father extended to her. Then she fainted. I ran quickly into the cafe for some ice water, and when I returned the marrying man was already handcuffed to the other gentleman, who turned out to be a detective armed with a warrant charging him with bigamy.

Some of these circumstances have been stated in the daily papers, but not as truthfully as they are now given by your artist and myself, who were incontestably on the spot.

At about 1 o'clock the Jersey track farmers begin to drive on the ferry-boats, and at the same time from the New York side come stragglers who have been turned out of the dives alongside the river front. It is no uncommon thing to see drunken women at this hour. I don't mean women of the town, but servant girls, for instance, who have either been to New York or Jersey City, as the case may be, and have been indiscreet enough to drink too much. They invariably insist upon dancing barn-door jigs.

Fights are frequent. Gangs of roughs travel together, and act upon the ferry boats just as they do on the summer excursion barges they board. I witnessed a regular battle once between five or six hoodlums and the deck hands, during which a red-haired candidate for the gallows was knocked overboard. I mention the gallows as being his end because he was unwisely rescued from drowning.

That is one sign, more or less infallible. His face was another.

The suicide patronizes the ferry-boat extensively. Self-murder has become almost an epidemic on the Staten Island line, and I read in the papers that extra gates are to be placed fore and aft in order to make it a matter of impossibility for the tired of this life to reach the other side of the ferry-boat.

The after-midnight boats on the East River contain squads of young Talmage Christians going home after a night passed in the slums mapped out by their wind-mill pastor. You know Brooklyn has no slums of its own! Oh, no; not a slum.

Plenty of thieves travel across the river all night, watching a chance to work a drunken man while on the boat, or to follow him for footpad purposes when he lands. The Williamsburgh ferries are particularly dangerous, both on this and the other side of the river, not to mention the trip across stream.

Only last week I heard of a comparatively new danger to which the Mr. Blairs of society are exposed. It is this: Old gent, full of gin, staggers on boat and falls asleep in corner. It is in the ladies' cabin, and the one woman present, who has been the sole occupant for some time past—say it's about 1:30 in the morning—seizes the opportunity which presents itself. She deliberately seats herself beside the ruffled party, upbraids him for keeping her waiting and then turning up in such a condition. It is the talk of a distressed daughter addressed to a bibulous father, a piece of "My Awful Dad" business.

Passengers commiserate with poor girl, and look scornfully at the old brute, who, by the way, has a gold watch, diamond studs, etc.

The daughter concludes to have a carriage when the slip is reached, and obliging gent calls one. He helps papa in. A slam of the door and a rattle of wheels. Then what? *Quid Sate?* as the Spaniards say.

### THE CAT.

When roused from meditation  
By some noisy disturbance  
'Tis one's natural inclination  
To exclaim: "Oh, what was that?"  
At first you're all confusion,  
Then you think it a delusion,  
Then you come to the conclusion  
That it must have been the cat.

When a father overhears  
A farewell in terms endearing  
'Tis a young man, disappearing,  
And his daughter, thinks it pat  
To demand an explanation  
Of that sound like osculation,  
She replies, with hesitation,  
That it must have been the cat.

When at midnight sounds appalling,  
Like the noise of some one falling,  
And a voice in anguish calling,  
Make your heart go pit-a-pat,  
You're sure it's burglars breaking  
In your door, and you lie quaking  
And shivering and shaking,  
When it only is the cat.

### SEASONING.

UPON a modest gravestone in a Vincennes cemetery appears the plaintive legend: "His neighbor played the accordion."

If you wish to marry a lady whom it won't cost you much to support, don't select a burlesque actress under the impression that she won't costume much.

WANTED.—By a real estate lady, "a local habitation and a name." The real estate she is not particular about, so that the title be good. The name she wishes to hand down to posterity.

THIS is getting to be a well-padded world. There are horse-pads, foot-pads, hip-pads, liver-pads, kidney-pads, lung-pads and stomach-pads, and someone will soon have a pad for bald-heads.

HE went to inquire after the health of the young damsel who has charge of his neighbor's dairy, and when he asked "How's the milk maid?" they slammed the door in his face and told him to go and ask the cows who manufactured the article.

JOSEPH COOK once remarked that "the aggregation of bioplastic germs evidences an irresistible tendency to correlate the molecules in inverse ratio to the capillary process of differentiation." "If you say that again," said the person addressed, turning pale with anger, "I'll knock you down."

"Is there any mail for me?" she said to a handsome fke.

"Certainly," said he.

"Where?" said she.

"Here," said he, with open arms.

"That's my funeral," sang the maid. Friends are invited to attend without further notice. So much for what the maid made by getting the male mail.

"THERE'S something about your daughter," Mr. Waughop said, reflectively, "there's something about your daughter—" "Yea," said old Mr. Thistlepod, "there is. I have noticed it myself. It comes every evening at 8 o'clock, and it doesn't get away usually till about 2 o'clock. And some of these nights I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate and see what there is in it."

It was Mr. Samuel Pendergrass

Who said on yester morn:

"Dear wife, to-night we both will go  
And hear 'Round the Horn.'"

Night came, and Samuel Pendergrass

Said with sarcastic scorn:

"The night is charming, and we'll go,  
Oh, certainly—in a horn!"

—Kansas City Times.

A SAD-LOOKING man went into a Burlington drug store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded, and put him up a little dose of quinine, and wormwood, and rhubarb, and opium salts and a dash of castor oil, and gave it to him, and for six months the man couldn't think of any thing in the world except new schemes for getting the horrid taste out of his mouth.—*Burdette.*

WHILE a man was dashing with all his might and main down Cortlandt street to catch a train, one day last week, a gamin rushed after him and shouted: "Hey, mister, have you got a pin?" "I have," responded the man, coming to a sudden halt and feeling under the lapel of his vest. "Well, then," yelled the boy, as he jumped out of the way, "you had better fasten your ears together behind your head, so as you won't smash any swinging signs with 'em." The pedestrian passed on unheeding of the advice given him.

## SPORTING AND DRAMATIC.

HARRY KELLY, the English oarsman in England, who twice defeated James Hamill, the American champion, has given up rowing and turned Boniface.

WILLIAM MILLER and Thiebaud Bauer wrestled in Græco-Roman fashion at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, Feb. 27. Bauer was awarded the first fall in 23m., and Miller the two succeeding in 10m. each.

WM. SHAFER, the champion billiard player, has decided to accept Wm. Sexton's challenge to play for the championship. The contest will take place in this city, and will be 600 points up for \$1,000 and the champion's trophy.

A VARIETY actress, known as Maggie Pearl, was found dead in bed at her lodging-house in New Haven, Conn., on the 25th inst. She had come from Meriden the night before. A jury found her death to have been caused by disease of the heart.

A SPORTING man in London offers to wager £500 against £1,000 that Charles Rowell can cover 575 miles in 144 hours two months from signing articles. Rowell to win such a race would have to do a better performance than he did in this country.

At White Pine, Nev., recently, a jumping match took place between James Priam, an Indian, and John H. Brownlow, of Virginia City. The men jumped one single jump, three trials, for \$200. Priam won, covering, it is said, 13 feet, 2 inches. Brownlow covered 13 feet, 4 inches, but fell.

CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB, the long-distance swimmer, who was defeated in several races in this country last summer, has been matched to swim against time in England. Webb, for a wager of £100, is to swim sixty hours, with only thirty minutes' rest in every twenty-four hours. The contest is to take place March 8th at the Westminster Aquarium.

TOMY PASTOR has already engaged the following performers for his travelling company, which is to take the road early in April next: Flora Moore, the French Twin Sisters, the St. Felix Sisters, the Four Eccentrics—Perry, Magraw, Curdy and Hughes—Bryant and Hoey, the Three Rankins, Charles Gilday and Fannie Beane, Bonnie Rannels, and Frank Girard.

BLOWER BROWN who won the English belt last week, and Charles Rowell have been matched to walk and run six days for \$5,000 a side. Albert Smith and James Kelly, who are in England, are Brown's backers. The race will take place in New York in May. Rowell is his own backer. Brown covered 553 miles in the recent tournament. Rowell's best record is 524½ miles.

MOORE HANKIN, the actor, has begun a suit in Chicago to recover \$200 from a former agent. He says that when "The Danites" was first acted in that city, the agent told him it would be necessary to bribe the critics of the *Inter-Ocean*, *Tribune* and *Times*. He seems to have made no objection to such a proceeding, and provided the \$200 for the purpose; but he has since learned that the agent was fooling him, and now he wants the money back.

George Rooke and Mike Donovan, who are to fight for \$2,000 and the middle-weight championship of America, met at the *Chippie* office February 28, and put up an additional \$300 toward the main stake for which they are to battle on May 28 in Canada. Ned Mallahan, Rooke's backer, the shining light of the Empire, posted the \$300 for Rooke. The latter will have a benefit tonight at Terrace Garden, after which he will go into training.

It is claimed that Patrick Lynch, the Irish champion athlete of this city, covered twenty-nine feet in two standing broad jumps recently, and that he would have cleared a greater distance, but the wall in the lot where he accomplished the feat prevented him. The best standing jump on record is 14 ft. ½ in., made by George W. Hamilton in a match with George Dean, at Buffalo, August 9, 1878. Lynch discounted this performance if the tape-line was not stretched.

THE Boston *Herald* says: Alfred Elson of Meriden, Conn., accomplished Monday evening, in Allston Hall, the remarkable feat of running eight miles in 58m. 27s., which, considering the 27-lap track is very fast. Mr. Elson is getting into form for the coming O'Leary contest in New York, and confidently expects, if properly trained and backed, to make other competitors look out for their laurels. The above feat was for a wager between two Boston gentlemen.

MRS. FARRALL, after being hissed in the part of Zeira, the heroine of the "Mourning Bride," especially in the dying scene, rose from the stage, and, advancing toward the footlights, expressed her regret at not having merited the applause of the audience, and explained that having accepted the part only to oblige a friend, she hoped she would be excused for not playing it better. After this little speech, she assumed once more a recumbent position and was covered by the attendants with a black veil.

LONDON, March 2.—P. Lorillard's brown gelding "Parole" retired to the fifth place in the betting in the race for the Lincoln handicap, which is to take place at the Lincoln spring meeting on the 17th of March. One hundred to six was freely offered on rumors that he could not start because the market is forestalled and his owner cannot get satisfactory bets. The *Sportsman* says: "Parole's backers need feel no uneasiness. He will certainly start, and in view of his satisfactory condition will certainly run well."

THE ups and downs of life were never more pitifully illustrated than in the case of Ernest Venturini, who was brought into the Tombs police court on the 2nd, charged with being a vagrant. She has appeared in the leading theatres of London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and New York, and was one of the most popular dancers living when she came to America. She possessed a fortune in diamonds, presented to her by her admirers in Europe. Sickness came, all went, and she was left alone in all her wretchedness with none to help her, and upon her recovery was forced to go upon the streets as a beggar. When brought into court her form was bent and her limbs distorted, and her once beautiful face almost hideous from the suffering she had undergone.

SOME one on the morning of Feb. 25, between 6 and 7 o'clock, attempted to fire the Opera House, Milwaukee, Wis. He had chosen a point most favorable for his plans and had crammed bits of paper and pine shavings under the door of the private entrance to the stage from the hallway. The crime was frustrated, however, by a raw-boy, whose duty it was to deliver a paper at one of the offices in the hall. The boy notified the firemen, and by means of their portable chemical extinguishers the flames were subdued before they had fairly burned through the stairway. It was found that a door had been forced open to afford the fire a clean sweep to the stage. Manager Marsh has offered a reward for the detection and conviction of the offender.

A MAN who attended the Watson & Crane dramatic show at Ellicottville, N. Y., on the 14th, cried, "Bully

for you, old gal," when Miss St. Clair appeared in her banjo solo between the acts of "Don Cesar de Bazan," and she immediately stopped her song and called on the manager "to bounce him." Watson approached the fellow, who was drunk, and taking him by the collar undertook to lead him out of the hall. In just two minutes there was a dilapidated manager on the floor, the fragments of a whisky bottle and a pile of torn clothes with the "bully for you" man on top in the aisle, while all the ladies in the audience were piling down stairs at a go-as-you-please pace. Watson wears two yards of court-plaster all over his face, and tells inquirers that "he fell under a kicking horse."

JAS W. CLARKE died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs at his residence in this city, Feb. 27, aged forty years. He was one of the best jig-dancers in this country, and had performed in many of the variety theatres and with minstrel troupes. While Kelly & Leon's Minstrels occupied Hope Chapel, here, he was of the company. He also possessed good abilities as an Ethiopian comedian, and was a useful general performer. He had been in retirement for some years past, during which time he devoted his attention to the manufacture of banjos, at which he was an adept, and he had supplied many of the best professional performers with instruments. He had suffered from consumption for some eight years past. He had just finished a banjo, tuned it, and was picking out a tune when a fit of coughing seized him, blood spouted from his mouth, and he fell to the floor dead. He left a widow, one child, and a sister to mourn their loss.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 29.—Theatrical people have been having lively times for a few days past. On Friday a ball writ on a note for \$100, sworn out by S. Danno, of Chicago, against May Flak, was placed in the hands of Officer Rosenberg, who attempted to serve it during the performance of the Flak troupe at the Masonic Temple. But the lady escaped for the time by producing a husband. Last night, after the performance, May and her manager had a difficulty at the Merchants' Hotel, during which, it is said, Mr. Benton knocked her down. To crown her woes, this afternoon the ball writ was served upon her, and she was lodged in jail. Charles Duncan, a performer at the Metropolitan Theatre, it is said, made some disparaging remarks about Miss Alice Bateman and Miss Lillie Howard, of the Knickerbockers, and the ladies hearing of it and catching the gentleman in their hotel (the St. Cloud) gave him a rehearsal in gymnastics that left him with a pair of black eyes which neither paint nor powder could hide last night.

"AN Oregonian" sends us an extract from a local paper concerning a lady star who recently appeared in that region, as follows: "Wrestling with tragic rolls requires an acquaintance with the ruder types of humanity—which she possesses in a marked degree. When she says to him: 'Give me the dagger,' there was an earnestness in her manner that boded no good to any actor who should attempt to frustrate her fell design. In her quiet moments, when she spoke like a female in distress, she fluttered as the undulating swallow as it mounts the empyrean skies, and settles down to a plaintive melody like the tender throes of an aolian harp. This was the divine infatue us, and carried the audience along like a weary wanderer in a stricken city. It was a terrible scene where she taunts him with weakness and cowardice, and threatens to hand him over to the police if he does not drive the dagger to the hilt in the quivering flesh of his victim; and the audience fairly howled their appreciation. This was a triumph for the actress, and bouquets of various sizes bestowed her path as she emerged from the titful ordeal."—N. Y. *Chippie.*

ALL arrangements have been completed at San Francisco for the six-day pedestrian contest between O'Leary, of Chicago, and E. P. Weston, of Providence, for \$10,000. The Pavilion has been engaged, and the race will begin on March 8th. The contest will not be confined to walking, but according to the articles the Astley belt rules are to govern, so that the two famous pedestrians can either run or walk. O'Leary has arrived and is in training for the contest. He had a grand reception, and in a speech stated that he had fairly beaten Weston twice and intended to try and do so again. Baldwin, the millionaire turfman, is Weston's backer, and posted his share of the stakes, \$5,000. O'Leary furnishes the same amount on his own behalf. Weston arrived on Tuesday. He has had three months' training for the race. The contest is creating considerable excitement in sporting circles, and heavy betting has been done. O'Leary's friends are confident he can beat Weston, and are laying \$100 to \$80. H. W. Brogan, a wealthy owner of mining stocks, has wagered \$1,000 to \$600 twice on O'Leary, and several other large wagers have been made.

AMONG HIS PEERS.—In April, 1874, a colored man named P. A. Peer went to the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, accompanied by his wife, and sought to enter upon two tickets with reserved-seat coupons attached, which the wife had previously procured at the box-office. Admission was denied them, and when they insisted upon going in the doorkeeper exclaimed: "Clear those niggers away!" whereupon such force was used to push them from the door by some of the attaches that Mrs. Peer was injured. Subsequently a suit for damages was brought against Mrs. John Drew, the lessee and manager of the theatre, and she was mulcted in the sum of \$800. She appealed to the Supreme Court, and the case was argued before that tribunal last week. It was contended in behalf of Mrs. Drew that she was only liable for breach of contract in not accepting the tickets at the door, and consequently that the plaintiffs could only recover the value of the tickets—two dollars; also that the employees of Mrs. Drew had exceeded their instructions in using force, and that therefore their employer was not responsible for their action in that regard. The case was held under advisement.

THE second race for the trophy representing the six-day pedestrian championship of America will be contested at Madison Square Garden, New York city, commencing at 12:15 A. M., Monday, April 5, and ending at 10:05 P. M., Saturday, April 10. There is no entrance fee. The race is a \$500 sweepstakes. Each contestant puts up \$500, and the winner takes the whole amount, the bet, and his share of the gate-money. Entries close at the office of *The Spirit of the Times* Tuesday, March 8. No entry will be complete until the pedestrian puts up his \$500 and signs the articles. The entries so far are: Nicholas Murphy, Haverstraw, N. Y.; Harry Howard, Glen Cove, L. I.; Peter J. Fanchot, Buffalo, N. Y.; John Dobbs, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Francis Abbey has full management of the contest. He will pay all expenses, and for his share receives one half of the receipts. It will cost about \$15,000 to run the show, and unless the affair is more successful than the last six-day contest for the Rose bowl, Mr. Abbey will be a heavy loser by the transaction. The receipts only amount to \$20,000, Mr. Abbey will be heavy loser; if they amount to \$30,000, all the profits will make will be from the sale of the privileges. Mr. Abbey calculates that the receipts will exceed \$40,000. If this is the case he will clear over \$5,000. If Brogan, Hazael or no other English pedestrian starts, it is doubtful whether \$20,000 will be taken in unless the affair is well advertised and the contestants make great records.



1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1028.



NEW YORK'S GAS-LIT LIFE—MIDNIGHT PICTURES OF METROPOLITAN SIGHTS, SCENES AND CHARACTERS—ON A FERRY-BOAT—THRILLING ENDING OF A TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO JERSEY CITY—"THAT MAN IS MY HUSBAND!"  
 HOW GIN-FUDDLED REVELERS ARE RELIEVED OF THEIR VALUABLES BY FEMALE RIVER PIRATES—COULD BATTLE THAT GENERALLY RESULT IN DEATH TO ALL WHO INDULGE IN THEM.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY GAZETTE  
 ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 14.

